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LOVELY STILL.

BY S. U. W.

The world is lovely still, my friends,
Though dark it may appear;
And shadow oft with sunshine blends
To make the light more clear.

'Tis true that Death walks here below,
And life hath many an ill;
Yet nature's ever true, and oh!
The world is lovely still.

Take courage, ye whom Sorrow's blast
Hath cast down; rise and live;
For while there's life bright hope shall last,
And, like the sun, revive.

Though love prove false, the friend a foe,
And disappointments chill,
Yet life is sweet, my friends, and oh!
The world is lovely still.

A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THEY were not rich, those good Samaritans, although the Doctor made rapid strides in his profession. Theirs had been a hard struggle. The mother had been left a widow when quite young; she had only a small income, the son was desirous of a good education, and then he chose the profession he felt most inclination for. But it had been up-hill work—they had no friends and no influence. They had nothing but his skill and industry to rely upon.

Both, however, soon made their way. His practice increased rapidly; and when Hyacinth found refuge with him he had begun to save money, and was altogether in what people of the world call comfortable circumstances. It was most probably the remembrance of their early struggles that made both mother and son so kind and charitable to the unhappy girl who had fallen under their hands. Perhaps, had they always been prosperous, they might have had harder hearts. As it was, the memory of their past struggles softened them and made them kinder to the whole world.

Mrs. Chalmers, well-born and well bred herself, was quick to recognise that Hyacinth was a gentlewoman—one who had been accustomed not only to a life of refinement but of luxury. She was quick also to recognise the pure mind, the innocent, simple, gentle heart.

It was all settled, and Millicent—as Hyacinth Vaughan was now called—became one of the family. Mrs. Chalmers always treated her as though she were her own daughter. The Doctor spoiled, indulged, teased and worshipped her. They did all that was possible for her; still the girl was not happy.

She regained her health and strength very slowly, but no color returned to that delicate lovely face—the beautiful eyes were always shadowed—no one ever saw her smile. As she grew stronger, she busied herself in doing all kinds of little services for Mrs. Chalmers; but this life among the middle class was all new to her. She had never known anything but the sombre magnificence of Queen's Chase and the hotel life at Bergheim. She was lost, and hardly knew what to do.

It was new to her to live in small rooms—to be waited on by one servant—to hear and know all that passed in the household—new, strange, and bewildering to her. But she busied herself in attending to Mrs. Chalmers. She did many little services, too, for the Doctor; and at last he grew to love the beautiful sad face and plaintive voice as he had never loved anything before. She grew stronger, but not happier, and they became anxious about her.

"It is so unnatural in a girl of her age," said Mrs. Chalmers; "the trouble must have been a great one since she cannot forget it. In my opinion, Robert, nothing will rouse her but change of scene and work; she seems to be always in a sorrowful dream."

What Mrs. Chalmers said the young girl often thought. After a time she wearied inexpressibly of the dull routine of her every-day life.

"I am dying," she would say to herself—"dying of inanition. I must begin to work."

One day, when the Doctor sat alone in the surgery, she went to him and told him.

"If you will only be kind enough to let me work!" she said. "I shall always love this my home; but it seems to me that in body and mind I should be much better if I could work."

"And work you shall," decided the Doctor; "leave all to me."

Doctor Chalmers was getting on in the world. His practice had at first been confined exclusively to the locality in which he lived; but of late noble ladies had sent for him, and his name was mentioned with great honor in the medical journals. He had been consulted in some very difficult and dangerous cases, and people said he saved Lady Foldean's life when all the physicians had pronounced her case hopeless. Honors were falling thick and fast upon him.

Lady Dartelle, of Hulme Abbey, was one of those who placed implicit faith in him. Her ladyship was credited with passing through life with one eye firmly fixed on the "main chance." She never neglected an opportunity of saving a guinea; and she was wont to observe that she had much better advice from Doctor Chalmers for five guineas than she could procure from a fashionable physician for twenty.

Her youngest daughter Clara had been ailing for some time, and Lady Dartelle decided on leaving Hulme Abbey and coming up to town for the benefit of the Doctor's advice.

Lady Dartelle was a widow—"left," as she was accustomed to observe, pathetically, "with four dear children." The eldest, the son and heir, Sir Aubrey, was traveling on the Continent; her two daughters Veronica and Mildred were accomplished young ladies who had taken every worldly maxim to heart, and never bestowed a thought upon anything save of the most frivolous nature.

They had made their debut some years before, but it had not been a very successful one. The young ladies were only moderately good-looking, and they had not the most amiable of tempers. Perhaps this latter fact might account in some degree for several matrimonial failures. The young ladies had not accompanied Lady Dartelle to town—they objected to be seen there out of the season—so that her ladyship had the whole of the mansion to herself.

Doctor Chalmers had one day been sitting for some time by the child, examining her, talking to her, and asking her innumerable questions. She was a fair, fragile, pretty child, with great earnest eyes and sensitive lips. The Doctor's heart warmed to her; and, when Lady Dartelle sent to request his presence in his room, he looked very anxious.

"I want you to tell me the truth, Doctor," she said. "The child has never been very well nor very ill. I want to know if you think she is in any danger."

"I cannot tell," he replied. "It seems to me that the child's chances are equal for life or death."

"I may not send her to school, then?" she said; and a shade of annoyance passed over the lady's face.

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply. "She will require the most constant and kindly home-care. She should have a kind and cheerful companion. I should not advise you entirely to forego her education, but it must not be forced."

"That is tantamount to saying that I must have a governess at home—and I do not see my way clear to that at all. Servants are bad enough; but the real plagues of life are governesses. I have no idea where to find a suitable one. One's troubles seem to have no end."

To which remark the Doctor wisely made no reply. Lady Dartelle looked up at him.

"You must see a great deal of the world, Doctor Chalmers. Can you tell me where I can find a trustworthy governess? I must have a gentlewoman, of course; yet she must not be one likely to thrust herself forward. That I could not endure. What is the matter, Doctor?" she asked; for Chalmers' face had suddenly flushed scarlet, and his eyes intimated something which my Lady Dartelle did not quite understand.

"I was thinking," he replied; "that I do know a young lady who would be all that you require."

"I am very glad," said Lady Dartelle, looking much relieved. "Who is she? What is her name?"

"She is a protege of my mother's—her name is Millicent Holte. She is highly educated, and most sweet-tempered—in fact, I do not think, if all England were searched, that any one so exactly suited for the position could be found. She is of gentle birth, and has a quiet graceful manner that is very charming. There is only one objection."

"What is that?" asked Lady Dartelle anxiously.

"She has never been a governess, and might not perhaps like the position—I cannot tell."

"She has never taught—of course that would make some difference in the stipend. I do not know that the deficiency need cause concern in respect of anything else. Where is the young lady now?"

"She is staying with my mother," said the Doctor, his honest face flushing at the need of concealment.

"That is recommendation sufficient," vouchsafed Lady Dartelle, graciously. "I shall require no other. When will it be convenient for me to see her?"

"I dare say my mother could call upon you to-morrow and bring Miss Holte with her."

"That would be very nice. Three o'clock would be a convenient time for me. Suppose Miss Holte should accept the engagement, would she be able, do you think, to return to Hulme Abbey with me at the end of the week?"

"I should imagine so. I do not know of anything to prevent it."

Yet as he spoke that fair, sweet, sad face seemed to rise before him, and he wondered how he should bear his home when she was there no longer.

Still, he had done what she wanted. She had asked him to find her some work to do, and he had complied with her request. Yet his heart smote him as he thought of her—so fair, so fragile, so sensitive. How would she like to be amongst strangers? Fortunately he had no conception of the true life of a governess in a fashionable family; if he had had, it would have been the last work of the kind he would have chosen for her in whom he was interested.

"The work will brace her nerves: it will do her good," he said to himself; "and if by chance she does not like it, she need not stay—there will always be a home for her with us."

When he reached home he told her. She appeared neither pleased nor regretful; it seemed to him that the common events of every-day life no longer possessed the least interest for her. She asked no questions about either Lady Dartelle, or her place of residence, or how many children she would have to teach. The young girl agreed with him that she would do well to accept the offer.

"Are you pleased?" he asked. "Do you think you will like the duties?"

"I am very thankful to have some work to do," she replied; "and I am deeply grateful to you, Doctor Chalmers."

"You may well be that. I have never made such a sacrifice in my life as that of letting you go, Millicent. I should not have done it but that I think it will be for your good. Your home is still here, and, if you do not like Hulme Abbey, I will fetch you away at once."

That night, when the unhappy girl was alone in her room, she threw up her arms with a despairing cry.

"How many years have I to live? How many years can I bear this and live? Oh, Adrian, Adrian, if I could only look once upon your face and die! Ah, my love, my love, how am I to live and never see your face again?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

"There is one thing we are quite forgetting," said Doctor Chalmers, "although we call ourselves such clever people."

He pointed as he spoke to the little rings of golden hair, soft, fine as silk, light as gold in color, like the small tendrils of a vine in shape. She raised her beautiful, blushing face to his.

"You did it," she said, half reproachfully. "I look just like a boy. What shall I do?"

The Doctor touched one of the soft golden rings with his finger.

"This is anything but the conventional governess's style; Millicent should have plain, Madonna-like braids of a dull gray tint—should she not, mother?"

"I do not like your plan at all, Robert," said Mrs. Chalmers, looking at the sweet, sad face. "I do not see why Millicent cannot be happy with us, or why she cannot recover her strength here. I suppose you know best. One thing is certain; she cannot leave us thus. Should you like, my dear, to wear hair that was not your own?"

"No, I should not like it at all," she replied, her face flushing.

The Doctor laughed aloud.

"You will never make a woman of fashion, Millicent, as far as I understand such beings. A lady with a magnificent head of hair of her own carefully puts it out of sight and covers it with some one else's hair. I think the fashion most hateful myself, but my opinion of course matters little. Seriously speaking, Millicent, my mother must take you to a hairdresser's, as something must be done; this beautiful, graceful, infantile head would never suit her ladyship."

Much against Millicent's will, a hairdresser was taken into their confidence.

"Could I not wear a cap?" asked Milli. looking shyly at the magnificent coiffures of all colors.

"It would be very unbecoming," said the hairdresser.

"A governess in a cap!" spoke Mrs.

Chalmers. "No, that will not do at all."

"What does it matter?" thought the girl. "After all, my appearance will really interest no one."

And she submitted passively while a plain band of hair was chosen for her by the hairdresser and Mrs. Chalmers. When it had been arranged, and she looked in the glass, she hardly recognized her face, the wavy golden hair had always given such a graceful fairy-like character to her beauty. She looked many years older than she was—sad and subdued. The plain band of hair seemed quite to alter her face.

Mrs. Chalmers kissed her.

"Never mind, my dear," she said; "you will soon be your own pretty self again;" and the kindly words smote the young girl with deadliest pain. Her own self? Ah, no—that was dead, never to live again. It was but fitting that the old graceful beauty—the girlish beauty Adrian had loved so dearly—should die with it.

* * * * * *

"A very proper person indeed," thought Lady Dartelle, when the interview was nearly at the end—"evidently knows her place and mine; and I may own to myself that the outlay is very little."

For Lady Dartelle had during the course of the interview been delighted with the brilliant accomplishments of the young girl. Her playing was magnificent, her singing most exquisite—the pure, sweet contralto voice had been highly cultivated. Then she spoke French and German with such a pure, perfect accent that Lady Dartelle began to think that the terms expected would be high.

She managed the matter skilfully. She carefully concealed her admiration, and dwelt principally on the fact that the young lady had never before been engaged in teaching.

"That makes an immense difference," said her ladyship, diplomatically. "Still, as Miss Holte's appearance pleases me, I will not think of the deficiencies. In addition, Miss Holte, to your teaching my youngest daughter, I should wish you to speak French and Italian with my eldest girls."

Miss Holte bowed acquiescence, and her ladyship, finding that she offered no objection to any amount of work, then mentioned a few other "little duties" she wished to be attended to—"duties" she would not have dared to exact from any one else.

All arrangements were concluded greatly to her satisfaction, and then Lady Dartelle asked Millicent if she would not like to see her new pupil. The young girl said "Yes," and in answer to a summons from her ladyship the child came into the room.

Then, for the first time, Millicent's heart was touched; the large earnest eyes looked into her own with an appealing expression, the little burning hand trembled as it lay in her own. Millicent bent down and kissed the sweet face. Something stirred in her heart that had long seemed dead—something that brought with it exquisite pleasure and exquisite pain.

"In cases of this kind," said Lady Dartelle, "I find there is nothing like a clear and straightforward understanding. I should like to tell you, Miss Holte, that when we are quite alone you will sometimes dine with us, and occasionally spend the evening in the drawing-room; but, when we have visitors, such an arrangement will be impossible. My reasons for saying this," continued her ladyship, blandly, turning to Mrs. Chalmers, "are these. My son Aubrey is a frequent visitor at Hulme Abbey; he often brings friends with him; and then I think precautions with young people are necessary. I have seen sad results amongst my friends where the precautions I think so necessary have not been taken."

"I shall never wish for any society but that of my little pupil, Lady Dartelle," said Millicent.

And her ladyship was graciously pleased to observe that Miss Holte seemed to be very sensible.

It was all arranged; but, as they drove home, a sudden doubt came to Hyacinth. Lady Dartelle spoke of her son's bringing visitors with him.

Suppose amongst them there should be any one she knew—any one who would recognize her. The very thought of it made her sick and faint.

No, it was not likely; she had seen so few people, she had known so few—besides, when visitors came, it was Lady Dartelle's wish that she should not appear.

"Even if I do appear," she said, "who that has known me in my bright, happy days—who that has known me as Hyacinth Vaughan—would recognize me now?"

Who could discover the lovely, smiling, radiant face under that sad, careworn look? Where was the light that had shone in the beautiful eyes—where were the smiles that had played round the perfect lips—where the grace and happiness that had made the face like sunshine?

Years seemed to have passed over that bowed head—years of sorrow, of care, of misery. No one could recognize her. She need have no fear.

She blushed crimson when Doctor Chalmers, on seeing her, laughed. She had forgotten the false braids of hair. Nothing had the power to interest her long. Her thoughts always flew to Adrian. What had he thought of her? Had he forgotten her? What was he doing? She had completely forgotten the braids. The Doctor's mischievous laugh made her remember them.

"I declare, Millicent," he said, "I should have passed you in the street without recognizing you. Why, you look ten years older, child—and so altered!" His face grew serious and sad as he remembered the beautiful girl as he had seen her first.

"Shall you like Lady Dartelle?" he asked.

Severe suffering had not blunted her keen instinct—the instinct which had shown her that Claude was more enthusiastic than sincere, and that Adrian was the most noble of men.

"I shall like my pupil," she said—"I shall love her in time."

"Now," observed the Doctor, "I have hopes of you. That is the first time you have used that word. Millicent," he continued, kindly yet gravely, "to love anything, even though it be only a child, will be the salvation of you."

It was arranged that Millicent—Hyacinth had even learned to think of herself by that name—should join Lady Dartelle on the Friday evening; and on the following Saturday they were to go down to Hulme Abbey together. Doctor Chalmers had promised to find time to run down in the course of a few months.

"You will naturally be anxious to see how Miss Holte gets on," said her ladyship, adroitly; "and I shall be glad of your advice about Clara."

Then the time for parting came. The separation proved harder than they had thought. Millicent had grown to love the place and the people, as it was characteristic of her grateful, loving nature to care for all those who were kind to her. It was her only home now; and the friends who dwelt there had been goodness itself. Her sad heart grew heavier as she thought of leaving them.

"Yet, if I live on here as I have been doing," she said to herself, "I shall lose my reason."

When the time came to say farewell, Doctor Chalmers held her hand in his.

"I am not a man of many words," he said, "but I tell you this—the sunshine and joy of my heart go with you. How much I care for you you will never know; but Heaven's best blessing go with you and prosper you! If you ever want a friend, send for me."

In another minute Hyacinth had left the house that had been to her as a haven of refuge and a heaven of rest.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE beautiful November day was drawing to a close as Lady Dartelle and Hyacinth neared the end of their journey. It had been a lovely day. The branches of the trees were all bare of leaves, but the sun shone brightly and the sky was clear.

After the railway journey was ended, as they drove along the country roads, a faint color came into Millicent's face, faint and exquisite as the delicate bloom on the inner leaf of a wild rose, and a light shone in her eye. New life had come to her. The trees seemed to spread out their grand branches as though to welcome her.

The time was not so long since she had talked to them in her pretty childlike way, believing they could hear if not answer her. The life in that dull London house, where no green leaf was to be seen, faded like a heavy dream.

She could have stretched out her hands to the trees in fondest welcome. How had she lived so long without seeing them? A long, deep sigh escaped her. Lady Dartelle looked up.

"I hope you are not tired, Miss Holte?" she said.

"No, not at all, thank you; but the country looks so beautiful, and the trees are like dear old friends."

Her ladyship did not look very well pleased; she had not bargained for a sentimental governess.

"I hope," she returned, stiffly, "you will find better friends at Hulme Abbey than the trees are likely to prove."

Another cry of delight escaped Hyacinth, for, on turning a sharp corner of the road, the sea lay spread out before them.

"Is Hulme Abbey near the sea?" she asked.

"Almost too near," said Lady Dartelle, "for when the winds blow and the tide is high we can hear the noise of the surf too plainly—that is the only fault that any one could possibly find with Hulme. Do you like the sea, Miss Holte?"

She did not know. She had seen it twice—once when the world was all fair and she was going to Bergheim, and again when the waves had sobbed a dull requiem to all her hope and her love. Did she like it?

The very music of it seemed full of the sorrow of her life. She thought that she should soon grow to love it with a passion that only poets lavish on the fair beauties of nature. Then the gray turrets of the Abbey came in sight.

"We are at home," said Lady Dartelle.

Hulme Abbey was neither so spacious nor so magnificent as Queen's Chase. It was an ancient building of imposing aspect, with square towers and an old-fashioned gateway; the windows were large, and the exterior of the house was ornamented with heavy carvings in stone.

The building stood in the midst of beautiful grounds; a long chestnut avenue at the back led to the woods, and these last sloped down to the very edge of the sea.

"We are not many minutes' walk from the shore," said Lady Dartelle; "and one of your most important duties, Miss Holte, will be to take Miss Clara down to the sea every day. The walk will be most beneficial to her."

The lonely, sorrowful heart clung to that idea of the sea; it would be a companion, almost a friend to her. It had a voice that would speak to her, that would tell her love, lost for ever, and that would whisper of the mysteries of life, so hard to understand. Lady Dartelle almost wondered at the rapt, sublime expression that came over the sweet, sad face.

In another moment they were in the spacious entrance-hall, servants bowing, Lady Dartelle proud and patronizing.

"You are tired, and will like to go to your room," she said. "King, show Miss Holte to her room."

So that for one night the young girl escaped the ordeal she had dreaded—the introduction to the daughters of Lady Dartelle.

Hyacinth rose early the next morning. She could not control her impatience to see the sea; it was as though some one she loved were waiting for her.

After a few inquiries from one of the servants, she found her way to the shore; her whole heart went out in rapture to the restless waters.

She sat down and watched the waves as they rolled in and broke on the shore. The smell of the salt breeze was delicious, the grand anthem of the waves was magnificent to hear; and as she sat there she wept—as she had not wept since her sorrow fell upon her—tears that eased her heart of its burning load, and that seemed to relieve her brain of its terrible pressure.

Where was Adrian? The waves murmured his name. "My love, my best, my own," they seemed to chant, as the murmur died along the shore.

Where was he? Could it be that these same waves were changing to him?

"If you could only go to him," she said, "and fall sobbing at his feet, and tell him how I love him!"

Presently she went back to the house, feeling better than she had felt for long months, and found, to her great relief, that none of the ladies were up yet. The servant who had attended to her the night before was in her room.

"My name is Mary King, miss," she said; "and my lady told me I was to attend to the school-room. Would you like to see it?"

Millicent followed her, and the girl led the way to a pretty little room that overlooked the woods. It was plainly furnished; but there were a piano, an easel, and plenty of books and flowers.

"This is the school-room, miss," said the maid, "and my lady thought that, as Miss Clara will be here for only six hours during the day—that is, for study—it would answer as a sitting-room for you as well."

Hyacinth desired nothing better than the grand old trees to look at. The maid wondered that she looked from the window instead of round the room.

"I will bring your breakfast at once, miss," said the girl. "Miss Clara takes hers with you."

After breakfast Lady Dartelle came in with the written order of studies in her hand, and then Millicent found that her office was no sinecure. There was one thing pleasant—every day she must spend two hours out of doors with her pupils; and those two hours she could take when she thought best. She would be expected to pass one hour of each day with the young ladies in order to converse in French and Italian with them.

Lady Dartelle added that she had one remark to make, and that was that she had noticed in Miss Holte a tendency to dreaminess—this was always bad in young people, but especially out of place in a governess. She trusted that Miss Holte would try to cure herself of it.

When the lady had gone away, the girl looked round the room, and wondered how long she would live in it, and what she would pass through. What sorrowful thoughts, what ghosts of her lost love and lost happiness would haunt her! But in her wildest dreams she never fancied anything as that afterwards came to pass.

She found that it was not without reason that she had dreaded the ordeal of meeting the young ladies. They were not amiable girls. They were tall, with good figures and high-bred faces—faces that, if they had taken the trouble to cultivate more amiability and good temper, would even have been passable, if not comely, but they wore continually an expression of pride, discontent, and ill-temper. Lady Dartelle, like the valiant and enterprising lady that she was, did her best with them, and tried to make the most of them. She tried to smooth down the little angularities of temper—she tried to develop the best traits in their characters and to conceal their faults. It was a difficult task, and nothing but the urgency of the case would have given her ladyship courage. The Misses Dartelle had been for three years in society, and all prospect of their settlement in life seemed remote. It was a serious matter to Lady Dartelle. She did not care to pass through life with two cross old maids hampering her every movement.

Sir Aubrey had listened to his mother's complaints, and had laughingly tried to comfort her.

"I shall come down some time in February," he said; "and I will bring some of the most eligible bachelors of my acquaintance with me. If you make good use of the opportunity, you will surely get one of the girls 'off.' I know how fatal country-house life is to an idle man."

The prospect was rather a poor one; still Lady Dartelle was not without hope.

The gentleman who was to win one of the Misses Dartelle was not to be envied for the exceeding happiness of his lot. They treated the governess with a mixture of haughty scorn and patronizing disdain which at times even amused her. She was, as a rule, supremely indifferent, but there were times when a sarcasm from one of the young ladies brought a smile to her lips, for the simple reason that it was so very inappropriate.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TIME passed on and Christmas came at last. By that time Hyacinth had grown accustomed to her new home. Doctor Chalmers had been to see her, and had professed himself delighted with the change in her appearance. She did not regain any of her lost happiness, but she did regain some of her lost health and strength.

Though she had not a single hope left and did not value her life, the color slowly returned to her face and the light to her eyes. The fresh sea breeze, the regular daily exercise, the quiet life, all tended to her improvement. She did not seem the same girl when Christmas with its snow and holly came round.

Hyacinth found wonderful comfort in the constant childish prattle and numerous questions of little Clara; the regular routine of studies took her thoughts in some measure from herself. She was obliged to rouse herself; she could not brood over her sorrow to the exclusion of everything else.

She had thought her heart dead to all love, and yet at Hulme Abbey she had learned to love two things with a passion of affection—one was her little pupil, the other the broad, open, restless sea.

How long her present mode of life was to last she did not know—she had not asked herself; some day or other she supposed it would end, and then she must go somewhere else to work. But it was certain she would have to work on in quiet hiding until she died. It was not a very

cheerful prospect, but she had learned to look at it with resignation and patience.

"The end will come some day," she thought; "and perhaps in a better world I shall see Adrian again."

Adrian—he was still her only thought. When she was sitting at times by the seashore, with the child playing on the sands, she would utter his name aloud for the sake of hearing its music.

"Adrian," she would say, and a light that was wonderful to see would come over the lovely face; "Adrian," the winds and waves would seem to re-echo, and she would bend forward, the better, as she thought, to hear the music of the name.

She had not learned to love him less; morning and night she prayed for him. She wondered daily what he was doing, where he was. She had not heard of his accession to the title, for the simple reason that she never looked at newspapers; she had always a morbid dread of seeing something in them respecting the late trial. She did not know that her relatives had returned to England, nor that Adrian Darcy was now Lord Chandon, and was trying to drown all memory of his sorrow by plunging into the vortex of political life. Adrian's elevation would have made no difference to her if she had heard of it; it would only have made the distance between them seem greater.

She thought she could always live hidden and contented with her lot; but, as health and strength returned, the battle seemed harder to fight, the struggle became greater. The life she had left had been so happy, so sweet, so full of promise, so bright with love and hope. It was hard to think that never a day of joy should shine upon her again, let her live as long as she would. The even tenor of her way was soon disturbed, for to her great surprise the young ladies of the house seemed to evince something like jealousy of her.

"Mamma," said Veronica one day to Lady Dartelle, "I think you have done a very foolish thing."

"What is that, my dear?" asked the lady, quite accustomed to her daughter's free criticisms.

"Why, to bring that girl here. Do you not see that she is growing exceedingly beautiful? You do not give her enough to do."

"I quite agree with Veronica, mamma," put in Mildred; "you have let your usual judgment sleep."

Lady Dartelle looked up in astonishment.

"I assure you, my dears, that when I saw her first she did not look even moderately pretty."

"She has very much altered, then," said Veronica. "When she came in with Clara yesterday, I was quite astonished. I have never seen a color half so lovely on any face before."

"I hope," observed Mildred, "that you will keep to your resolutions, and not allow her to appear when we have visitors. You know how Aubrey admires a pretty face. Remembering how many plain women there are in the world, and how few pretty ones, it seems odd that you did not bring a plain one here."

A slight expression of alarm came over Lady Dartelle's face.

"If you think there is any danger of that kind," she said, "I will send her away at once. But I am of opinion that you exaggerate her good looks. I see nothing so very noticeable about the girl. And you know I shall never be able to secure another governess so thoroughly accomplished on the same terms; that, of course, is a consideration."

"You can please yourself, mamma," returned Veronica. "But I warn you that, if you are not very careful, you will most bitterly repent having a girl of that kind about the place when Aubrey comes home. You may do your best to keep her out of the way; but, depend upon it, she will contrive to be seen. Where there's will there's a way."

"I think you are alarming yourself unnecessarily, my dear Veronica," said Lady Dartelle.

"Am I, mother? Then judge for yourself. I see the gleam of Clara's scarlet cloak through the trees—they are just returning. Send for Miss Holte; ask her some trifling question; and when she is gone tell me if you have ever seen a more beautiful face."

Lady Dartelle complied with her daughter's request, and in a few minutes "Miss Holte" and her little pupil entered the room. Lady Dartelle asked Hyacinth some unimportant question, looking earnestly as she did so at the lovely face.

She owned to herself that she had had no idea how perfectly beautiful it was; the faintest and most exquisite bloom mantled it, the sweet eyes were bright, the lips like crimson flowers.

"She must have been ill when I engaged her," thought her ladyship—"I will ask her."

Smiling most graciously, she said—

"You are looking much better, Miss Holte; the air of Hulme seems to agree with you. Had you been ill when I saw you first?"

The beautiful face flushed, and then grew pale. The young ladies looking on were quick to note it.

"Yes," she replied, quietly, "I had been very ill for some weeks."

"Indeed! I am glad to see you so fully restored;" and then a gracious bow intimated to "Miss Holte" that the interview was at an end.

"There, mamma," cried Mildred; "you see we are perfectly right. You must acknowledge that you have never seen any one more lovely."

Lady Dartelle looked slightly bewildered.

"To tell you the truth, my dears," she said, "I have hardly noticed the young girl lately. All that I can say is that I did not observe anything very pretty about her when I engaged her. I thought her very pleasant-looking and graceful, but not beautiful."

"I hope she is what she is represented," remarked Mildred; "but Mary King says she has all the ways of a grand lady, and that she does not understand what I should have imagined every governess to be familiar with."

"My dear Mildred, you are saying too much. She is highly respectable—a ward or protege of Mrs. Chalmers—the Doctor would never have named her to me if she had not been all that was irreproachable."

"We will hope for the best; but I advise you again, mamma, to keep her out of the way when our visitors come."

Lady Dartelle smiled calmly—of the success of anything that she undertook that far-seeing lady never doubted.

It was the end of January when Lady Dartelle received a letter from her son.

"Here is good news, my dear children," she said, smilingly. "Your brother is coming; and he brings with him Lord Chandon and Major Elton. We shall have a very pleasant time, I foresee."

CHAPTER XXVII.

FEBRUARY came in mild and clear, with a pleasant foretaste of spring. In the woods the early violets were peeping out, and the snowdrops were bowing their white heads; the buds were beginning to form on the hedges and trees, there was a faint song from the birds, and silence reigned in the woods, as though the goddess of the spring were hovering over them.

It was Valentine's Day—in after years Hyacinth remembered every incident of it—Clara had complained of not feeling well, and they had gone out into the woods—the governess and child. They sat down near a brook on some moss-covered stones. The child was unconsciously a poet in her way.

"Miss Holte," she said, suddenly, "do you never pity the flowers for being obliged to hide so long in the dark cold earth? How they must be longing for sunshine and for spring! It is just as though they were in prison, and the sun is the good fairy that lets them out."

Hyacinth made a point of never checking the child's thoughts; she always allowed her to tell them freely as they came.

"I think so much about the flowers," continued the little one; "it seems to me that in some distant way they are related to the stars. I wonder if they live as we do—if some are proud of their color, and some of their fragrance—if they love and hate each other—if some are jealous, and others contented; I should like to know."

"The world is full of secrets," returned Hyacinth, musingly—"I cannot tell. But, if flowers could have souls, I can imagine the kind of soul that would belong to each flower."

"So can I," cried the child, joyously. "Why is the world full of secrets, Miss Holte? Men are so clever; why can they not find all the secrets out?"

"Ah, my darling," sighed the young girl, "the skill of man does not go very far. It has mastered none of the great problems of life."

They walked down to the shore and watched the waves rolling in; great sheets of white foam spread over the sand; the chant of the sea seemed on that day louder and more full of mystery than ever.

"The salt breeze has blown away all my headache," said the child; "shall we go home, Miss Holte? Mildred says this is Valentine's Day. I wonder if it will bring anything pleasant to us. I wonder if it is a day we shall remember."

The young governess smiled sadly.

"One day is very much like another," she said, little dreaming that this was to be one of the most eventful of her life.

"My lady wishes to see you, Miss Holte," said the footman to Hyacinth as she entered the room; "she is in her own room."

The young girl went thither at once.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Holte," she said. "As I have already mentioned, I always like sensible, straightforward dealing. My son, Sir Aubrey Dartelle, comes home to-morrow and brings some visitors with him."

My lady was seated at her writing-table, the room was shaded by rose-colored curtains, half drawn, and the young governess fortunately did not stand where her face could be seen.

"I have told you before that when we have visitors at the Abbey I shall wish you and Miss Clara to keep entirely to your own apartments; she is far too young and too delicate to be brought forward in any way."

"I will be careful to comply with your wishes, Lady Dartelle," responded Hyacinth.

"I am sure you will; I have always found you careful, Miss Holte. I wish Clara to take her morning walk before the day's study begins; and, as we do not breakfast until nearly ten, that will be more convenient. If she requires to go out again, half an hour while we are at luncheon will suffice. I do not know," continued the lady—"I am almost afraid that I shall have to ask you to give up your room for a short time; if it should be so, you can have the one next to Miss Clara—Lord Chandon, Major Elton, and Sir Richard Hastings bring so many servants with them."

Fortunately she did not see the ghastly change that came over that beautiful face as she uttered the name of Lord Chandon; it was as though some one had struck the girl a mortal blow. Her lips opened as though she would cry out, but all sound died on them: a look of fear and dread, almost of horror, came into the violet eyes.

"If I see any necessity for the change," said her ladyship, "I will tell King to attend to it."

No words came from those white rigid lips. Lady Dartelle never turned her head, but concluded, blandly—

"That was what I wanted to speak to you about, Miss Holte."

She evidently expected the young girl to go. But all strength had departed from the delicate frame. Hyacinth was as incapable of movement as she was of speech. At last, in a voice which Lady Dartelle scarcely recognized, it was so harsh and hoarse, Hyacinth said—

"I did not hear plainly; what names did you mention, Lady Dartelle?"

"My lady" was too much taken by surprise to reflect whether it was compromising her dignity to reply. A rush of hope had restored the girl's strength. She said to herself that she could not have heard aright.

"Lord Chandon, Major Elton, and Sir Richard Hastings," said Lady Dartelle, stiffly.

"Great Heavens," moaned the girl to herself, "what shall I do?"

"Did you speak, Miss Holte?" inquired the elder lady.

"No," replied Hyacinth, stretching out her hands as though she were blinded.

Then Lady Dartelle took up her pen and began to write. This was a signal of dismissal. Presently a sudden idea occurred to her.

"I had almost forgotten to say that I should wish the rules I have mentioned to be conformed to to-day. It is possible my son may arrive this evening or to-morrow morning. Good morning, Miss Holte."

One meeting Hyacinth would have thought she had been struck with sudden blindness. She stumbled as she walked; with one hand outstretched she touched the wall as she went along. It seemed to her that hours elapsed before she reached her own room; but she found herself there at last. Blind, dizzy, bewildered, unable to collect her thoughts, unable to cry out, though her silence seemed to torture her, she fell on her knees with a dull faint moan, and stretched out her hands as though asking help from Heaven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEORGE—"I never knew any one to have such atrocious taste as Ethel Pierce. She sent me that hideous vase for a birthday present. Look at it!" Nellie—"Good gracious! I sent it to her last year."

Bric-a-Brac.

SEA FOWLS.—Sea fowls' eggs have one remarkable peculiarity, they are nearly conical in form, broad at the base and sharp at the point, so that they will only roll in a circle. They are laid on the bare edges of high rocks, from which they would almost surely fall off save for this happy provision of nature.

FLOWER BADGES.—Some of the flower badges of nations are as follows: Athens, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur-de-lis (lily); Florence, giglio (lily); Germany, cornflower; Ireland, shamrock leaf; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate, and Wales, leak leaf.

OLD CUSTOMS.—Eighty years ago in Edinburgh it was the custom for a man to walk through the town every day at noon bearing a large shin-bone of beef. His cry was, "Three stirs and a wallop for a bawbee." All the housewives had their vegetables stewing for the family soup, and gladly paid their bawbees for the privilege of three stirs with the bone, which was supposed to flavor the stew.

JAPANESE NAMES.—Many of the pretty and suggestive little words that serve as names for Japanese girls are as charming in English as in Japanese. It is not uncommon for a Jap girl to bear the name of a flower. On the other hand, however, many girls in Japan bear the names of some domestic utensil, as frying pan or dust brush. Doubtless this results from the custom common among some peoples of naming a child for the first object that strikes the eye after the little one has come into the world.

TOBACCO BAGS.—The best tobacco bags are made not of leather or rubber, but of the pouch of a pelican. The monstrous membrane which fills out the lower bill of the pelican is soft and thin, of very fine texture, easily tanned, and, when dressed makes a beautiful article of leather, possessing the quality of being as impervious to water as India rubber. Tobacco kept in it will never become dry, but retains its sweetness and aroma even longer than when preserved in tin foil. In the Southern seabord States its value is well understood, and tobacco pouches made of it are very common.

WELLINGTON AND THE COOK.—The Duke of Wellington was, in his habits, one of the simplest of men. His daily food, for instance, was always of the plainest. That he kept a French cook is true, but this was for others, not for himself. It was the cook's constant complaint that he could not prevail upon his master to make trial of his skill as an artist. Every day he sent up the bill of fare to the Duke, but it always came back marked merely joint of meat and pudding or tart, or sometimes, by way of change, tart or pudding. And the cook also complained that the Duke was so easy to please. "If I cook a good dinner," he remarked, "the Duke only says 'It is well.' If I cook a bad dinner, he says the same thing." If people followed the Duke's example even in regard to their food, how very much better in health most of us would be!

OUTWITTING THE HIGHWAYMAN.—In the days when highwaymen, as the robbers that usually rode on horseback were called, were common in England, an amusing encounter took place between one of these rascals and a poor tailor. The latter being bidden to "stand and deliver," thought it wisest to do as he was told, particularly when the order was backed up with a couple of pistols presented at his head. So he handed the robber all the money he had. "And now," quoth he, "do not let me be the laughing-stock of my friends, but fire your pistols through my hat, just to show what a desperate resistance I made." The highwayman humored his poor victim, but no sooner were his pistols discharged than the tailor, pulling a rusty pistol from his pocket, requested the highwayman to give him all the property he had with him, including his two pistols. This the robber did as quietly as a lamb, very glad to be let off on such easy terms.

JESS—"I put Mr. Gillyflower to the test this morning; received him with sleeves rolled up, hair in curl papers and saleratus on my nose and he simply said he adored a girl who could cook."

BESS—"That was lovely in him."

JESS—"It was little enough; it took my maid an hour to make me up for that part."

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

BY L. W.

If thou art sad, let sadness have no place—
Just for this day let laughter hide thy tears;
If thou hast vain regrets and hopes, or fears,
Let them be mirror'd not upon thy face;
Smooth out the furrows which cruel Time would trace—
The gentle smile or loving word endears—
It all comes back across the after years,
And gives this day its own especial grace.
The season's rapid flight we cannot stay,
Time's unkind, heavy blows we cannot break.
But we can let the hearts that will be gay,
And youthful voices bid new joys awake.
So, put thy griefs and sorrows far away—
Not for thyself, but for the children's sake.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LADY MORRISTOWN felt that the conversation must be getting exceedingly unpleasant for the silent lady behind the newspaper, so she broke up the group. Hugh however remained by Hilda.

"You don't really feel so indifferent over this business as you pretend, Hilda," he said, drawing his chair a little nearer to her and speaking quietly. "No woman can be insensible to a slight, whether she cares for the man who puts it upon her or not."

"Now, Hugh," she cried, ignoring the confidential tone of the remark, "are you going to begin to plague me too?"

"No," he muttered, seeing an expression on her face which moved him to pity—"no, I won't worry you, dear. I think I know all there is to know, poor little child! Hilda, you look like a poor hunted creature. I won't say a word to add to your worry, dear. I only wish I could help you."

But she laughed and would not listen to him.

"It is all nonsense," she said. "Go away! I want to be quiet. You all attach a great deal too much importance to Pierrepoint's manner towards me."

Hugh rose at once, conscious of his own helplessness, and, when the door had closed behind him, Lady Mildred put down her paper and looked at her little daughter in cold scornful anger.

"I am very sorry to hear you talk like that, Hilda," she said. "I never expected to see you submit tamely to insults from your husband."

"Insults?" queried Hilda, raising her delicate eyebrows.

"Yes—I call his conduct with Mrs. Mountjoy a continuous series of insults to his wife. In all the peculiar circumstances of the case, I wonder he dares to go so far; I wonder still more that you put up with it."

"Why, what would you have me do?"

"I would have you demand an explanation."

"Would you? Don't you think we had enough of explanations before, mother? Pierrepoint can more than hold his own in a battle of words, I think."

"But you had not such a purely personal cause of complaint against him before. Are you aware that his conduct with Mrs. Mountjoy is common gossip everywhere? How long will you sit tamely still——"

But Hilda had borne as much as she could. She rose with a low cry, and stood swaying slightly from side to side, with upraised hands and wild eyes fixed upon her mother's face. Lady Mildred sprang forward with a startled exclamation, and the sound seemed to warn Hilda and urge her not to give way.

"I shall not faint," she murmured, with feeble uncertainty; "don't—please don't—touch me! You said—I know what you meant. You would interfere now to force me away from Pierrepoint as ruthlessly as you forced us together. Understand me, mother—I forbid you to interfere in this matter—forbid you! You have broken my heart; rest content. If I need your help, I will ask for it. But wait until I ask. 'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!'"

She walked with bowed head towards the door and closed it behind her, leaving Lady Mildred alone, with a stricken look upon her cold handsome face.

There was a dance that evening at Mackenzie House—not a formal ball—just a dozen or two invitations sent out among the neighbors, and a few bandsmen brought over from Perth for the evening.

Contrary to her usual custom, Hilda wore white, and, though nobody made any remark, many anxious glances were cast at her during dinner, for the pretty gown was not more colorless than the pathetic little face above it. Not that there was every indication of suffering in her voice or manner; she was as gay as usual in her answers to Tenterden's nonsensical remarks; but the shadows beneath her tired gentle gray eyes and the cloud upon her brow told their own unmistakable story.

Hugh found his way to her side as soon as a move was made to the dancing-room, and carried her off to a quiet seat at the lower end, away from the music.

"You don't look very fit for dancing, little lady," he said sorrowfully.

"Oh, but I mean to dance, Hugh!" she answered. "People will think I am ill if I don't dance, and I don't want to start any of that nonsense."

"Nonsense!" he repeated, smiling at her with a look in his eyes which she quite understood but would not acknowledge. "Well, may I ask to look at your programme then, since you are determined to risk it?"

Two ladies sitting in the deep recess of the window next to them were discussing the people in the room, and, while Hugh was selecting his dances, their conversation was distinctly audible.

"Yes—she's a striking-looking woman, and utterly unscrupulous, I believe. The big man with powerful face who is talking to her is her last captive. Oh, yes—a married man; but she excuses herself on the ground that his wife is no companion for him—not a thought or a taste in common—while she, so she says, is the type of woman he ought to have married! His name? Hayes; he married a niece of Lord Morristown's——"

The names caught Hugh's attention, and he looked up and saw Hilda's face. With a quick movement, he put himself between her and the rest of the room.

"Come away," he whispered, offering his arm, "come away at once, dear child!" She smiled and shook her head; but he seized her hand almost roughly and hurried her out of the room. "You don't know how you were looking," he whispered, when they had reached the dimly-lighted corridor. "We should have had the whole roomful down upon us in another minute; you were looking positively ghastly. What were those old women saying? I wasn't listening. Something about Mrs. Mountjoy, was it?"

Hilda nodded, and seemed unable to speak. Hugh's face darkened, and without another word he led her away to a room at the back of the house, where he knew she would not be disturbed, and let her sit in silence for a few minutes, while he walked about restlessly. His heart was burning for her; but it would be futile to tell her so, for she would only grieve the more.

"How you can stand it puzzles me," he muttered presently; and she replied, in a low faltering tone, as her head fell forward wearily upon her hands—

"I don't think I can bear it much longer."

"Then what will you do?" he asked eagerly. "How are you going to——"

She raised her face suddenly and looked at him, and he paused and waited expectantly.

"Dear old Hugh," she said, with a quiet hopelessness which pierced his heart, "I ought to have made you understand how things are with me long ago; but my poor, petty, mean pride held me back—it is always hard to have to confess oneself slighted. And then I thought you would surely see for yourself; it seemed to me that it must be plain to everybody how love-sick I was."

"Love-sick? Hilda!"

He moved a step towards her; but she did not notice him. Her eyes were turned away from his face to the dying fire, and she went on, in the same dull tone—

"Yes, Hugh, for love of a man who grew weary of me just a little too soon—heart-sick for love of my own husband!"

Hugh sat motionless, looking down at the sorrowful face; and, as he looked, he too wondered at his own past blindness and felt very hard towards himself. How his own conceit had fooled him!

She put out her hand presently without turning her face to him, and he took it tightly in his. It was not easy to speak just then, with that crushed bewildered feeling upon him. He had grown so used to the ever-present thought of their mutual helpless love that, suddenly bereft of it, he seemed to have lost all that was dear in life.

Suddenly the tremor in the little hand he held recalled him to the present, and his heart was at once filled with genuine pity for her. All the better part of his nature surged up within him and drowned the memory of his own injured vanity in generous sorrow for her greater suffering. What had she done to deserve this double wrecking of her life?"

"Poor little cousin!" he murmured. "Poor heart-stricken little wife! This is a complication indeed, and one that I don't see a way out of, unless you can win Hayes back again."

"No," she returned softly, "I have no hope of doing that—no hope whatever. Sometimes I get so desperate, Hugh, that I grow afraid of myself. Do people ever go mad from love, do you think? I know they sometimes choose to die rather than go on in their misery."

"Oh, hush, hush, my dear!" he said quickly, trying to laugh at the sudden feeling of fear that fell upon him. "That is foolish talk, you know. When this little bother is all over, you will be the first to laugh at yourself for being so very intense and melodramatic. It will all come straight somehow, Hilda; I'm sure of it!"

She raised her eyes to his and was almost frightened by the pallor of his face, for these few minutes had not been very pleasant for him, in spite of his shallowness. The look on his face made her forgive her own pain for a moment in remembering his.

"You have always been kind to me," she said simply, "and perhaps I have not always spoken out as I should have done. You must forgive me, Hugh, for any pain I have caused you, if only because——"

"Don't, for Heaven's sake!" he cried out sharply, dropping her hand and turning swiftly from her. "Don't, unless you want to crush me altogether! It is I who need forgiveness, my dear, not you. My will was good to harm you beyond remedy, Hilda, if your innate goodness had not stood between us always. I am a poor fool, and I love you better than I shall ever love another woman; and yet I am glad you no longer care for me—glad that I have no longer the power to move you by a hair's-breath—glad for your sake, little cousin! Now let us put that past folly behind us for ever; only let me claim the right to render you whatever service I can!"

"Thank you!" she faltered. "I will remember, if ever I need a man's help, Hugh. And now shall we go back to the old treadmill again?" She shivered as she straightened her slender shoulders and rose, smoothing out the wrinkles in her long white gloves. "What a farce it all is!" she said with a sorrowful laugh. "But I suppose it must be gone through with to the bitter end. Come—smile, Hugh—smile and be merry! Let us keep the mask on as long as we can!"

As they made their way back to the dancing-room, they met Hayes coming towards them in a great hurry. He stopped when he saw them, and looked searchingly from one to the other.

"Somebody was inquiring for you, Hilda," he said, "and somebody else volunteered the news that you had been carried out of the room in a dead faint."

"What nonsense!" she replied, with a laugh. "I was—a little warm—nothing more, I assure you, Pierrepoint. How people do delight to exaggerate!"

"I'm glad it was exaggeration," he observed, still looking at her with a keenness which set her heart fluttering and brought a lovely transient color to her cheeks. "But you don't look as if you were up to a great deal of exertion to-night. Do you mean to dance much?"

She shrugged her shoulders and arched her brows, and he did not press her for a more definite answer; but the next time he saw Lady Aline he asked her to try to persuade Hilda to take things quietly.

Later in the evening he accompanied Mrs. Mountjoy in search of a glass of lemonade. Hilda watched them leave the room together, and a sudden desire to follow them took possession of her. As a rule, the idea of such an action would have horrified her; but she was not herself to-night; her feelings, worked upon by one thing and another during the day, had reached that pitch of nervous tension when the hardest task of all is to sit still and keep quiet. She had no intention of eavesdropping when she followed her husband from the room—she wanted only to keep him and Mrs. Mountjoy in sight; but, when she overtook them, she came upon them so suddenly that she could not help overhearing a few words before she passed on quietly and went up to her own room. It was Pierrepoint who was speaking.

"It is of no use," he said; "I can't put up with this any longer. If she won't bring matters to a crisis, I must; such an existence as this is worse than death."

That was all Hilda heard; but it was more than enough after what she had already gone through.

"What has caused this sudden desperate resolve, Pierre?" asked Mrs. Mountjoy, when she had watched Hilda pass on and make for the staircase. "Are all our patient plans and schemes to 'gang a-gley' for the sake of another day or two of waiting?"

"I can't stand it any longer, to tell the honest truth," he answered. "That poor little darling's face haunts me, Melusine; it makes a coward of me. I throw up the sponge and confess myself beaten!"

"Do you really mean it? Are you going to tell her everything?"

"I think so. This plan is quite hopeless—I knew it from the first—but I was willing to admit that you might know more about the ins and outs of a woman's mind than I did. Well, I've given it a fair trial, and you see what has come of it. We are just where we always were—she straining at one end of the rope, I quietly holding on at the other. What's the use? I say again. I'm not utterly heartless, my dear lady; I can't stand by and watch this poor little thing struggling and tearing at her bond till she falls dead at my feet! She must have her liberty—that settles it—and I must do the best I can without her."

"And a very bad best it will be, Pierre, my friend."

"I can't help that."

"Mark my words—if you do this, you will give way to your old habits again, and your last state will be worse than your first."

"Possibly. That's no reason why I should let the wee bird I've snared beat her very life out against the bars of her cage. I ought to have sent her back to her people at the start, directly I found out the sort of feeling she had for me; but I couldn't! At the time I coaxed myself into believing that I acted as I did for her sake; but it was all a lie. The truth was, I couldn't let her go! I believed that in time my love would beget love in return, and it would have done so—yes, it would—I am certain of it—but for the cruel fiend who poisoned her mind against me over that Edinburgh business."

"And you could never find out who it was?"

"Never. I've always suspected the landlady, but she denies it on her oath. Still I never quite gave up hope till I heard of my wife's visit to the lawyer, and then, when I had brought myself to face the thing boldly, and had made up my mind that the only manly course was to speak out and ask her what her wishes were, and carry them out as nearly as possible—well, then you came along, with your pretty little comedy scheme for winning her by stratagem. We human beings were so many sheep—what one did the others would do. If my wife saw me appreciated and made much of by others, she would at once follow suit. Once succeed in making her a little jealous, and the battle would be mine. Jealous! I am fairly hoist with my own petard, Mrs. Mountjoy! Two hours ago I met her with that good-looking Hugh, and it was difficult to say which looked the more downcast of the two. Been bemoaning the cruelty of Fate, I suppose! I wished he had been three or four stone heavier, that I might have knocked him down there and then!"

"Good heavens, Pierre!"

"Yes; that is one of my brutish instincts that you talk about—if any one does me a wrong, I want to hurt him."

"I never spoke of your brutish instincts."

"Habits, then; it's the same thing."

"It is not. The one is the result of——"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't argue with me to-night!" he broke out, with sudden vehemence, but checked himself instantly. "Forgive me!" he said humbly. "My misery is no excuse for turning upon you—after you've been so patient and persevering too; but I am really awfully miserable to-night!"

"And so am I," she declared. "When I once set my mind on a thing, I do like to carry it through; and I had set my mind on seeing you happy with that plucky little wife of yours. Will nothing induce you to hold on a little longer?"

"Nothing! I can't stand the reproach

of her white sorrowful little face another day. And it is best that the affair should arranged here, under the direction of her own people. I shall speak to Morristown in the morning."

"You take it very quietly, my friend," she said, watching him furtively over the edge of her fan.

"Quietly? Why, how would you have me take it? It's the greatest sorrow of my life, far and away; but it won't be any the easier to bear for whining over it. At Eton, in the old days, we used to think as much of the beaten chap, if he took his punishment unflinchingly, as of the other. That is always left to us—to take our punishment like men."

Mrs. Mountjoy sighed softly.

"I am sorry," she said. "It is humanity's lot, I suppose. Life is made up of these things."

"Mixed in among the others—yes," he replied, giving her his arm; "only in my lot there has been so much of 'these things' and so little of 'the others.' I wonder when and how the balance will be struck."

She sighed again, but did not answer.

Hugh Mackenzie was not an early riser, but on the morning after his mother's New Year's dance he was possessed by a restlessness which would not allow him to take his usual pleasure in that last indolent hour of sleep which is more prized than all the rest by the genuine sluggard. He was smarting too keenly under the humiliating discovery of the night before. His thoughts were too unpleasant to be desirable companions, and his anxiety to get away from them urged him to the unusual effort of a walk before breakfast.

As he made his way from his room, one or two maids busily sweeping and dusting moved out of his path with muttered apologies. Although it was close upon half-past seven, the Northern morning was still gray and indistinct; the Scotch moorland still wore its night-dress of mist, and Hugh felt almost as if he had strayed into another world, so strange did the familiar scene appear under its winter morning's aspect.

Setting his face towards the cold misty north-west wind, he thrust his hands into his coat-pockets and started off in the direction of the local railway-station, about a mile distant. It was about the only place where he was likely to meet any one at that hour of the morning, and he felt a longing for companionship. Walking along against the wind; with his head bent, he could not see very far ahead, and it was not until he was close upon her that he discovered there was another pedestrian crossing the bleak moorland in front of him. The next moment he noticed that there was something familiar about the look of the long seal coat and the outlines of the slender shoulders, and, with a startled exclamation, he ran forward and seized his fellow-walker's arm.

"Hilda!" "Hugh!"

He glanced down at her hand-bag, and then back again at her white stony face, and realized the danger of the situation at once.

"Let me carry that," he said gently, "and take my arm. Don't you find that coat very heavy for walking?"

She did not answer, and they went some little distance in silence. Then she said abruptly—

"Why don't you insist on my going back? That is what I expected you to do."

"Why? Because I can see that such a course would be useless. If I thought persuasion would have any effect, I should have tried it fast enough!"

"Why don't you ask what I am going to do then?" She cried again, in sudden unreasonable anger. "Don't you care?"

"Very much; but I left it to you to tell me just as much or as little as you chose.

"And you don't mean to interfere with me?"

"No—unless you pay me the compliment of asking my advice, in which case——"

"But I shall not! I shall ask nobody's advice. My mind is made up; nothing that anybody could say would alter it."

"That is just as I thought."

"If I can help it, Hugh, I will never look upon my husband's face again!"

He did not question the wisdom of this decision; he would not argue with her on any point; all his thoughts were bent upon soothing her, and his heart was full of a very fervent gratitude to the Providence which had prompted him to take this early walk.

"He said last night that death would be preferable to his present existence."

"Hayes said so?" "Yes."

"To you?" "No—to her."

"Did you hear it yourself?"

"Yes; and he said too that, if I would not bring about a crisis, he would. That is what they have been trying to do—to make me the aggressor; and now—they have succeeded."

Hugh remained silent for a time. He was trying to collect his scattered thoughts, to decide what was best to be done for her—which question also depended in a great measure upon what she would allow him to be. In common with most yielding natures, she was capable of the most stubborn self-will upon those rare occasions when she was fully made up her mind to any course of action. Presently he said, almost approvingly—

"And you intend now to take the law into your own hands?" "Yes."

"Well, then—I'm asking you only as a friend, dear—what is to be your first steps?"

The question evidently astounded her. When she had decided upon her present course of action, she had only the one idea in her mind—to get away, to hide herself from the coming humiliation, not to have to face her husband's desertion among the curious crowd of guests in her uncle's house.

"My first step?" she echoed blankly.

"Yes. You don't mean to go wandering about the moors with a hand-bag for the rest of your life, do you?"

She flushed, and for a moment he was afraid that in his anxiety to avoid adding to her emotion he overshot the mark. But the flush of anger faded instantly, and she turned a very wan little face to him.

"Hugh, help me!" she said piteously.

"I will, to the very best of my ability, Hilda," he replied, with quiet earnestness. "In the first place, you were meaning to get to Perth by the quarter-past eight train from here, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, we will carry out your programme so far; and then you must consent to stay there until aunt Mildred——"

"No," she cried, stopping in the road and facing him—"not my mother, Hugh! I will not see mother!"

"Very good," he returned equably. "We will send for Aline, then; and you and Aline shall go on to London by the mail in the evening. I will telegraph to Mrs. Betterton from the station here—you have the address?—and ask her and Betterton to meet you and Ally to-morrow morning at King's Cross. They can be trusted to look after you for a day or two until something is decided on."

"Won't you come with us, Hugh?"

"Not this journey, Hilda. I will put you in charge of the guard at Perth, and Tenterden or my father will most likely be in London with you by the day after to-morrow. In the meantime you can't be in better hands than Betterton's. Now for the address for the telegram. Don't go out on to the platform—the wind is very keen."

The musicians who had played at Mackenzie House the night before were already at the station, waiting for the train back to Perth; and Hugh was anxious that his cousin should excite as little observation as possible.

"How long have we to wait?" he asked of the man at the ticket-office, when the telegram to Terry had been despatched. "Ten minutes? Then I shall have time for all my correspondence. Will you be able to find a messenger to take the note back to the House as soon as the train has gone? And would you oblige me with another telegraph-form and an envelope for my note?"

The note to Aline was written and placed in an envelope. Then there came a few minutes of waiting, and the station-master—who was ticket-clerk and head-porter too—asked if the lady would not come inside the booking-office and wait by his "bit of fire"—an offer which was gladly accepted.

The honest man was filled with curiosity as to why these two young people should be starting for Perth at that hour of the morning, and in that peculiar fashion, on foot and unattended.

* * * * * *

Mattie was very much at home in Mackenzie House. She had been one of the under-servants there when Lady Mildred's engagement to Mr. Priestly was first announced, just twenty years before; she had gone from there with her "young leddy" to her English home on her marriage, to be in turn maid, nurse, and general factotum, until she was once again promoted to the post of confidential maid upon Hilda's marriage.

Coming back now among the head-servants, whom she had known when they were young girls together, it was natural that she should feel herself entitled to do as she liked; and one of Mattie's weaknesses was the desire for an early cup of tea.

About five minutes after Hugh had astonished the housemaids by his early appearance in their midst, Mattie, walking quietly into the housekeeper's parlor, disturbed, just inside the door, a group of three or four girls whispering with their heads very close together. They looked frightened and conscious when they saw the old servant, and all but one hurried out of the room as quickly as possible. She would doubtless have made her escape too, but for the fact that it was her duty to arrange the early breakfast there for the upper servants.

"Gossip again!" said Mattie witheringly. "Whose coats are ye picking holes in the noo, I wonder? It's no muckle gude ye'r' saying to be sae ashamed of it."

When Mattie's foot was on her native heath, her Scotch accent came back instinctively.

"It wasn't much harm we were saying then, Miss Carnegie," answered the girl impulsively. "I was just wondering to myself, seeing what an old servant you are in the family, whether it wasn't my duty to tell you right out what Hannah was saying."

"Ye'll please yersel', nae doot. If it's anything I ought to know, ye'll hae mair sense than tae keep yer mouth shut. It's open often enoo when it wud be a' the better closen!"

"Well, it was about Mrs. Hayes they were talking. She was out before it was fairly light this morning, dressed as if for traveling, Hannah said, and with a bag in her hand, and with the awfullest, most heart-breaking look in her eyes——"

"Gude sakes!" murmured Mattie, pale to her lips and making for the door.

"And—Miss Carnegie, wait one minute!—Mr. Mackenzie went out about ten minutes after her, looking just as——"

Mattie turned upon the girl roughly.

"Hoo lang syne?" she cried hoarsely.

"Mr. Mackenzie? Not five minutes ago. And he was——"

But Mattie waited to hear no more. She went straight to her mistress' door and knocked in no half-hearted fashion, and, when the first knock was not answered, she stood upon no further ceremony, but turned the handle, found the door unfastened, and went in.

All about the room were signs of hastily-made toilettes. Mattie drew one long breath of grief and terror, and passed at once to the inner door communicating with Hayes' room.

Here the first knock was answered immediately.

"Oh, ye 'oop, sir, thank gudeness! Are ye b'yersel'? Is Mordaunt no theer?"

"No, I'm alone." The door was opened, and he stood facing her. What's the matter?"

"Yer wife! Hasten to the station! She's off, and Mr. Hugh is after her!"

"Good heavens, woman, what are you talking about?" He pushed her on one side and strode into the room, looking round him in a dazed stupefied fashion, his faculties paralyzed for the moment by the suddenness of the blow.

"Hasten, man, hasten! The train leaves for Perth at a quarter-past eight. I looked it oot for the bairn when she came oop last neeht, little thinking what for she was sae keen tae know. Will ye stan' theer and let the puir lamb gangt' her ain destruction for the want of a restrainin' hand?"

This roused him.

"My boots, Mattie! A quarter-past eight, did you say? I shall catch it! Say the best you can think of to account for our absence here, and follow on with Mordaunt and the luggage. I shall take her straight back to Cruxwold. Thank you! The brandy-flask—she may want it—and a big wrap! That's all. Go to Lord Morristown if you want money, and get down to Cruxwold as soon as you can."

He was off, striding swiftly along the corridor. He turned for a moment at the corner, and the trembling Mattie caught a glimpse of an ashen-gray face and a pair of dark eyes flashing a grateful look back at her before he passed out of sight.

"The train is signalled, sir," said the station-master.

"Thank you!" returned Hugh; and Hilda rose from her seat by the fire and moved towards the door. "By-the-bye, you won't forget that note?" added Hugh. "Send it off as soon as you possibly can; it is important that my sister should get it at once."

"I'll be sure to see it, sir," the man answered impressively, and stood aside to let them pass out before him.

Hilda, going first, seemed to stumble over some obstacle in the doorway, and, with a low cry, almost fell backwards against Hugh.

"What is it?" asked Hugh. "Did you trip?,'

"Caught your foot against an uneven board, did you?" queried a deep voice just outside—a voice which made Hugh dart forward with a half-suppressed imprecation. But Hayes looked at him with such perfect control and such an evident anticipation that his example would be followed that Hugh felt compelled to check himself.

"I think you had better take my arm," said Hayes; "the flooring is not very trustworthy here. You see, I altered my mind, after all, and decided to return to-day; but I had a bit of a run for it. Are you cold?"—Hilda's teeth were chattering audibly. "And I don't suppose there is such a thing as a foot-warmer to be got on this side of Perth. Fortunately it's only half an hour's run. Come—the first-class carriages are this way!"

Hilda did as he commanded her simply because it was impossible to do anything else; and Hugh, in silent anger, followed them across the platform to the train. When Hayes had helped Hilda into a carriage and followed her, he turned to shut the door; but Hugh put his hand upon it with a quiet "Pardon me!" and Pierrepoint gave way at once.

"Coming in here, are you?" he said.

"Yes, sir!" Hugh answered between his teeth. "I have a word or two to say to you that cannot wait."

As the train moved away from the platform and took them beyond the inquisitive station-master's observation, Hayes dropped his nonchalant air and turned resolutely upon Hugh.

"If your word or two is of an exciting nature, I hope you will not insist upon saying it now, Mr. Mackenzie," he said sternly, but with perfect self-control. "You must see for yourself that Mrs. Hayes is not in a condition to bear much more."

"No; what I have to say will do her no harm. It is only this. My presence here this morning is quite an accident. I overtook your wife on her way to the station, and, finding she was going by this train into Perth, and thinking she did not look very fit to make the journey alone, I asked to be permitted to accompany her."

Hayes accepted the statement with a bow; but, though he said nothing, Hugh discerned plainly enough his contemptuous disbelief—and indeed he was bound to confess that his statement sounded like the clumsiest falsehood imaginable. But what else could he do? He would gain nothing by making a scene, and it would be cowardly to add to Hilda's agitation just now, so he sat in silent wretchedness, and watched Hayes ministering to his wife's comfort with a reluctant admiration for the combined firmness and tenderness of his manner.

In spite of her shuddering repugnance, Hilda was gently forced to swallow a teaspoonful of brandy; and the wisdom of the treatment was proved by the almost instantaneous return of the color to her lips. She was feeling too overwhelmed by the course of events to show much active resistance of any sort, and sat back with closed eyes, while her husband rolled the heavy rug closely round her feet and knees, and then, taking off her loose fur-lined gloves, chafed the ice-cold little hands and wrists with gentle vigor until he felt some faint warmth returning to them.

"Have you any salts in your bag?" he asked presently. "May I look?"

As she did not forbid him, he took her consent for granted, and, finding no salts, he appropriated a small flask of eau-de-Cologne. Removing her hat, he bathed her temples and made her inhale some of the scent from the palm of her own hand.

It was all done so quietly and helpfully, with such an absence of all fussiness, that Hugh, sitting sorry and silent in the far corner, confessed to himself that the poor little soul could not be better looked after, as far as her personal comfort went. Grieved as he was for Hilda, he could not help feeling the extreme awkwardness of his own position. He knew it would be impossible for him to continue to force his companionship upon Hayes after they reached Perth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROBABLY the first fish story of the season come from Valdosta, Ga., and runs as follows: While a man was out fishing near that town the other day his bait was swallowed by a 13 inch trout, which was in turn swallowed by a monstrous fish of the same species. Both fish were landed, but an old fisherman suggested that the line should have been left alone a day or two in order to extend the string.

THE TIME OF ROSES!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

'Twas in the time of roses,
In years that long have died,
Two children thro' the meadows fair
Were roaming side by side.
And one from out the hedgerow
Reach'd down a rose-bud red:
"See, here's a sweet and bonny flower,
I'll give it you!" he said.

'Twas in the time of roses,
In years that long have died,
Two lovers thro' the meadows fair
Were roaming side by side!
And softly on her finger
He pressed a ring of gold,
And once again, in passion'd words,
The tale of love was told.

'Tis now the time of roses,
And once again repair
An aged couple, side by side,
Towards those meadows fair!
And do they still remember
That summer far away?
The rose-bud plucked? Ah, yes! for hearts
Are both as young to-day!

Popping the Question.

BY J. H.

IN the summer of 1871, Marcus Stanley, nephew of a wealthy banker, was seated at breakfast in a cosy room, in Dover street, Piccadilly, picking at anchovy toast, and sipping fragrant coffee, and glancing down the Times, when the servant handed him a telegram.

"Who the deuce could have sent this at such an early hour?" muttered Marcus, as he slowly opened the yellow envelope, for be it known he was never in a hurry about anything, and despite his uncle's admonitions had not yet chosen a wife for himself.

"By Jove! it's from munkey—eh! what does he say?" and with some degree of excitement he read the following aloud:

"Wife found for you; must marry within a month; lovely, rich; letter with details by post."

"Well, if that isn't cool; I wish the weather was like it. A wife! Some old spinster, I suppose. Uncle and I have often differed about degrees of loveliness; but there, I must humor him, for he holds the purse-strings."

The speaker was not well pleased at the duty about to be imposed upon him, which would necessitate his throwing over several bachelor engagements; and he awaited the arrival of his instructions with ill-humored impatience.

"At last!" he exclaimed, as the footman handed him a letter on a silver salver, bearing the well-known caligraphy of his respected relative.

Tearing the envelope open he ran his eyes over the letter, and having mastered its contents, said:

"Glowing description of the lovely nymph; declares if I don't marry her out of hand, he'll propose himself, and hints that an heir might be the result, destroying my chances to a princely fortune. Egad! uncle's nothing if he isn't practical, so I suppose I must obey."

There was no occasion to take any luggage with him, so, armed only with a letter from his uncle, Marcus Stanley one brilliant July morning took train for Poppington-on-the-Floss, and on arrival at the very small station, inquired the way to Brambleburry Hall, and after listening to, "Turn to the right, first to the left, cross a stile," and so on, started off for his destination.

"Charming country Poppington," said the matrimonial knight; "crows, sparrows, and blackberries more plentiful than inhabitants. If Miss Brice has been vegetating here all her life, she'll be a lively partner, great on turnips, potatoes, and corn, but a veritable baby on all topics relating to society."

He was walking slowly across a meadow, not at all pleased with the prospect before him, of popping the question to a strange girl, when he heard a shout from the other side of the hedge, and exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven I'm not a Robinson Crusoe, monarch of all I survey; there is a man Friday over there!"

The shout was repeated, and it struck the London swell—for, be it known, Marcus Stanley was a masher of the first order—that it was meant as a warning to him.

Adjusting his gold eyeglass, and raising his crutch stick to his lips, he faced round; and oh, horror of horrors! saw a bull with sharp horns and erect tail making tracks for him.

Marcus hated violent exercise in any shape, running more especially; but with a furious bull behind him, and a stile of safety before him, he could do nothing else than take to his heels, as if the deuce himself was after him.

Panting, puffing, he mounted the stile with the agility of a monkey, and arrived safely at the other side.

But alas! his brand-new Paris silk hat stayed on the wrong side of the stile, and he waited in an agony of fear lest the vicious brute should make mincemeat of it, and leave him in a strange place, in a miserable plight, far from any hatter's.

"Thank you," said Marcus in a tone of bland satire, as the bull tossed his hat on its horns, and sent it flying over the stile; "not such a bad mannered bull after all."

But more than one smothered anathema escaped his lips when he found that the animal's horns had left a deep dent in the faultless nap.

"I have a good mind to turn tail and go home by the next train, and defy my uncle," he thought angrily; but visions of that individual attired in blue coat, with gilt buttons and white waistcoat, leading a blushing damsel to the hymeneal altar was too much for his resolution, and Marcus, the injured in mind, if not in person, walked on towards his destination. As if to make amends for the ill-treatment he had received, a beautiful river burst upon him after ascending a rather steep hill.

A river lined with trees and fringed by rushes, among which were yellow and white water lilies, meandered at his feet.

Beyond was a mansion towering above a perfect labyrinth of vegetation, and through a vista Marcus caught sight of a well-trimmed lawn and flower-beds.

"That is Bramble Hall, I suppose," he murmured; "how lovely! The birds are making quite a vocal concert, and the air is sweet with the scent of wild flowers.

Taking off his hat, he surveyed it in rueful silence, muttering:

"If I was only up in town, I could have sixpenn'orth of renovation; my face, too, must be anything but clean, after that race for life. This is an unfrequented spot, I can have a delicious bath, and then, cool and refreshed, present myself to my future wife."

He was soon swimming about like a duck, diving and disporting himself to his heart's content, and in no hurry to come out of his luxurious bath.

His spirits rose to such a pitch that he began singing "A Life on the Ocean Wave," when his tuneful voice was arrested by some one saying:

"Is there room in there for two guv'nor? It ain't too deep for a little one, is it?"

Turning round, Marcus saw a man, evidently a servant, standing on the bank, looking at him with envious eyes, and being in a good temper, replied:

"Yes; the water is simply delightful for a cooler, and I don't think we shall be disturbed."

"All right, guv'nor, I'll be in sooner than soon," said the servant; "it ain't every day a fellow can find a spot like this."

After having had his dip, the new comer, not so fond of aquatics as Marcus, left the water, and shortly afterwards, the spot itself, laughing heartily at something that had evidently tickled his fancy.

"Merry fellow that," thought our hero, "I suppose he's something at the Hall. I wish I had questioned him now, but there, all my doubts will soon be set at rest. I've had a splendid dip, and will be more presentable than I was half an hour ago."

Trolling a merry ditty he ascended to the bank, where he stood for a few minutes going through the dumb-bell exercises, just to restore circulation.

"Now to dress," he said as he walked to the spot where he had deposited his clothes. "Why, what is this?" he exclaimed, aghast, as his eyes fell on a suit of livery; "that fellow has run off with my clothes, by Jove! and as far as I can recollect he is a very little man. What an awful plight to be left in! I wish that uncle of mine was at Jericho before he sent me down to this land of misadventures."

Hardly had his soliloquy ended than voices fell upon his ear, and oh, horror! they were those of females, and worse still, they were coming his way!

Catching up the clothes in his arms so that he might not be mistaken for a flunkey, he hid them under the low branch of a tree and plunged into the water, hiding among the rushes, showing only the top of his head, and a pair of spiteful eyes that wished the intruders at Hanover.

To add to his vexation, the ladies—he could hear they were that by their voices—stopped exactly opposite his hiding-place, and he was fairly ravished by the exquisite loveliness of the younger of the twain.

"My dear Adela," said the elder, who wore spectacles, "I have often thought of spending a whole day here exploring; we might find some Roman remains, you know. What do you say to commencing now? Mr. Stanley will not be here till evening, no doubt."

"Horror upon horrors," thought Marcus as he shivered with dread at being discovered in his woeful plight; "my future wife stands before me and I'm up to my neck in slush, and I want to sneeze so badly."

"I don't mind it a bit, dear aunt," said Adela Brice sweetly. "Mr. Stanley's uncle told me in his letter not to expect punctuality where he is concerned; says the young gentleman thinks too much of his appearance; wants ballast, and hopes I'll steady him."

"Oh, the old reprobate!" thought Marcus, "to take away my character in the eyes of such a divinity. I'm sure I shall sneeze in another minute, and then good-bye to my chances of winning the lovely Adela for my wife."

"Men are very troublesome, my dear child," remarked Adela's aunt sententiously; "I never submitted to their attentions, not I; and you, my dear, would do well to discard them too—goodness! whatever is that? it sounded like a man sneezing!"

"Can it be a river god?" exclaimed the ancient spinster, as Marcus Stanley sneezed violently, not once, but thrice, as loudly as if he had been a costermonger with a violent cold in his head.

"Ladies, I beg——" said he, rising a little out of the water.

"A man, a man!" shrieked Miss Prue. "Go away," as she made a violent prod at Stanley with her parasol.

And finding she could not reach him, she ran after Adela, who was fairly exploding with laughter.

With many a sigh wasted on the idle wind, which seemed to whisper in the branches as if enjoying the state a mortal was placed in, the once elegant Marcus Stanley, noted for the cut of his clothes, and the snowy whiteness of his linen, unearthed the suit of livery, in which he proceeded to dress as rapidly as possible, and made his way to the house, hoping to get in by the servants' entrance.

But here again fate was against him; the carriage-way swept up to the house in a grand imposing circle, and any one entering could be seen from the windows of the mansion.

"By Jove! this is a bit of luck," he muttered; "not a soul in sight. Now, Marcus, if you reach that piece of shrubbery, all will be well."

He was half-way down the drive when, oh, horror! who should come to the window but the lovely Adela. And worse still, he heard her say laughingly to her aunt:

"Come here, dear, and look at this funny man; I wonder if he's going to perform for our amusement?"

Oh, ye gods! was not this filling his cup to the brim with bitterness?

Mistaken, by the woman he had come to woo, for a street minstrel.

"Yes, Adela, he is indeed a most extraordinary looking personage," replied Aunt Prue, adjusting her glasses critically. "Why, yes, that is the face and eyes that glared at me from the water; I'll ring the bell and have him turned out. The idea of his daring to intrude here in that disgusting attire."

"I'll risk all," thought Marcus, "and throw myself on Adela's mercy; things can't be worse than they are."

"Go away, sir!" screamed Miss Prue, when Marcus presented himself at the open French-window; "how dare you play the fool here?"

"I'm a most unhappy man, ladies," Marcus began, when Prue took him up sharply, saying:

"No doubt it's all your own fault. Go home to your wife and children, and work for a living, instead of coming here begging."

At this junction a dog-cart drove up, and Adela, catching sight of its occupant, exclaimed:

"Aunt, it's Mr. Stanley! but where is his nephew?"

"Here he stands," said Marcus, catching at her words like a drowning man at a straw.

And then, before the astonished ladies could realized what was happening, he rushed to the dog-cart and greeted his uncle, who burst into peals of laughter.

Everything was soon explained, the poor gentleman was released from his purgatorial state, and received in the drawing-room as an honored guest.

Although Marcus Stanley never recovered his clothes, he won a wife; and often did the happy pair laugh over his adventures at Poppington-on-the-Floss, when he came bent on "popping the question."

Three Pictures.

BY A. E. C.

IT is the spring of 1876—spring in the south. A tall hedge of pink roses, whose long trails, thickly studded with fragrant blossoms, hang down to the ground or clamber in luxurious profusion round the rough wooden paling, separates the garden of the Casa Agnese from the road.

The Casa itself is a long low one-storied house, painted a brilliant yellow and adorned with elaborate brown frescoes; it is nearly hidden by the clumps of magnolia trees with their shiny leaves and great cup-like flowers of purest white. The house is built in the picturesque Italian style, with an open tower at one end and a huge loggia at other, round whose pillars clematis and passion-flower twine thickly.

On the loggia stand some bamboo lounging chairs adorned with bright tasseled cushions, and in the centre stands a straw table on which lie books and papers.

In one of the chairs a young girl is seated, reclining idly back in the cushions; her small neatly-shod feet are crossed, and peep from under the hem of her pretty pink batiste frock; a large leghorn hat lies on her lap, and her little plump fingers are toying with the velvet strings.

Her companion, a young man, sits opposite her, and seemingly finds the picture before his eyes a pleasing one to look at, and one altogether to his taste, for he keeps his eyes unceasingly fixed on the pretty face with its laughing dark eyes and pink dimpled cheeks.

The waves of dark hair are brushed off the low forehead and coiled into a shining mass at the back of the charming little head; the small, slightly retrousse nose and pouting red lips give an air of piquancy to the little face, which is of that type of beauty which most captivates a man's admiration.

And Luba Timanoff is quite conscious of her charms, and an adept in all the coquettish graces and wiles which bring men to her feet. Her cousin Demian has been in love with her ever since the time he had first seen her—he an awkward schoolboy, and she a graceful little maid of some nine summers.

Demian thought then he had never seen such an enchanting apparition as this little cousin of his, with her lustrous eyes and black curls. He likened her in his mind to those little pixies or elves, which in Russian folk-lore are said to people the mossy glades of the great green forests. And Luba accepted her cousin's devotion as her due.

Together they would often wander through the woods seeking berries, and tiring out the French governess who was supposed to keep ever at her pupil's side during these rambles, but who instead would settle down, with some yellow-backed novel, under a spreading tree and leave the children to do what they liked.

Demian would wind a wreath out of the scarlet berries and shiny leaves of the cranberry plant, and place it on the flowing locks of his divinity, then they would play at fanciful childish games—Luba be an enchanted princess, kept by some cruel fairy in those leafy bowers, and Demian the knight who was to rescue her and carry her off as his bride.

And as the years passed by, what had been once child's play had grown to be the one great and all-dominant passion of Demian's existence.

Then came the day when he left the gymnasium for good and all; a stalwart broad-shouldered lad of twenty, with an expression of energy and determination on his good-looking face, far beyond his years.

He had found Luba in the garden amongst her flowers, she the fairest flower of them all (so he thought), and he had gone straight up to her with outstretched hands, had taken the soft fingers prisoners and putting all the eloquence of love into his dark eyes had looked long at the blushing face with its shy wondering expression, and then kissed the sweet red lips.

From that hour, Luba and Demian were betrothed. Luba's parents made no objection to their marriage, when Demian should have served his time in the army, and then settle on the estate in the south of Russia which he had inherited from his father, for he was an orphan and indepen-

dent, and for Russia fairly well off.

Countess Timanoff would have wished for a more brilliant match for her daughter, but Luba loved her cousin and that was sufficient; if she were happy all would be right. In the meantime, till Demian's term of military service had expired, they would go abroad; the countess fancied Luba was delicate, and a year in Italy would be the thing to invigorate this hot-house plant.

Florence was settled on, that beloved resort of fashionable Russian society; there the Timanoffs found many old friends and acquaintances, and were soon lances in the Florentine society, so largely composed of the foreign element.

Luba's beauty gained for her universal admiration, and ere long she had several suitors for her hand, her engagement to her cousin being kept a secret.

The countess regretted now more than ever the "childish folly," as she called it, while Luba only laughed at her admirers, and averred she did not mean to marry for yet a while. Life as it was, was too nice; she had no wish for change—but of her lover far away in Russia she said not a word.

Now, his term of service expired, Demian had come to remind her of her promise, full of buoyant hopes for the future. They would be married when the autumn tints were on the trees, and then go and live on Demian's estate.

With a lover's eloquence he would picture their life there, the evening drives in the sleighs with the moon shedding her bright beams on the snowy landscape, making the white expanse glisten as if strewn with countless diamonds.

Then again, hand in hand, they would skate over the polished surface of the lake, swift as the flight of the birds overhead, and when tired out with the delicious lassitude of supple-limbed youth they would rest by their blazing fireside, and talk of love and happiness.

This same day Demian was to leave for Russia to get all things ready for his bride, and he had begged Luba to sit with him once more on the flower-scented loggia, their favorite spot.

The young man's heart was heavy at the thought of parting for a time from his fiancee; to-day a vague feeling of anxiety and apprehension had taken the place of his usual buoyant happiness. Was it that he found Luba too indifferent at this separation of but a few months? He thought it might be, and tried to shake off the weight which seemed to burden his heart.

"Luba, you will not forget me when I am gone—you will keep true to me, dearest?" The sound of her lover's voice startled Luba and so did the words; she looked up quickly, while a bright blush rose to her face; it seemed to her as if Demian had read her thoughts.

"Silly boy," she answered, pouting; "you don't deserve that I should answer such a question as that. Why, do you think I am a hypocrite? I am really very angry with you."

She turned her head a little so that Demian could only see the delicate profile. Seized with passionate remorse, the poor boy knelt down by the side of the huge wicker chair and to capture one of the little hands which were now twisting with some vehemence the unoffending hat-strings.

"Forgive me," he whispered. "I am a brute to tease you with my stupid jealousy. Say you forgive me."

Luba turned her face, now all wreathed in smiles, towards him.

"I forgive you," she said, "for this once."

And Demian, kissing fervently the little palm extended to him, felt again raised into the seventh heaven.

* * * * * *

The altar is one blaze of lights—joyously the peals of the organ resounded through the aisles of the great church, crammed with spectators. The altar itself stands in a very bower of roses of every hue, and the steps, covered with a crimson velvet carpet, are strewn with white blossoms.

The rays of sunlight, falling through the stained windows and piercing the gloom beyond, seem to shower gold on the figures of the bride and bridegroom kneeling before the officiating priest, who, with uplifted hands, is pronouncing the nuptial benediction. The minor priests and acolytes stand round, brilliant-robed figures.

The rich folds of the bride's satin dress lie pure and sheeny on the red-hued steps, and the long tulle veil envelops face and figure in a soft cloud. The bridegroom wears a uniform rich in gold embroidery and his breast is decorated with many an order which sparkle in the sunbeams and which dazzled the eyes of the crowd as he followed his bride up to the altar.

"Son' ben trovato," is the verdict of the public. What matters it that the bridegroom's head is bald—that tell-tale wrinkles show round the tired eyes, and that he might well be the grandfather of the blooming young creature kneeling beside him—for is he not the millionaire, Prince Taliani?—a great personage, and therefore of other stuff than ordinary mortals are made of, nor to be measured by the common standard?

And now the ceremony is over; the newly-made husband and wife rise from their knees and, followed by a a part of the wedding guests assembled, proceed to the vestry, where they receive the congratulations of their more intimate friends. With a smiling face and sparkling eyes Princess Luba Taliani returns the embraces of her family and her own particular friends; she feels this is the supreme moment of triumph in her young life, and the whole vista of the brilliant future in store for her enrolls itself before her dazzled imagination.

And now the moment has arrived when she and her husband are to drive off from the church. By the old prince's special desire he and his bride are not to appear at the dinner given by the Timanoffs after the wedding, but are to proceed straight to the old family palazzo of the Talianis—a twenty miles' drive amongst the sunny slopes of the Appenines.

The last kisses have been interchanged, and Countess Timanoff has shed tears over her daughter, though in her heart she is singing an anthem of praise over Luba's good luck; but tears look well on such solemn occasions coming from a mother—at least, so Countess Timanoff and her friends think.

As the brougham drives off, Luba's lovely smiling face appears at the window and elicits an enthusiastic "Eviva la principessa!" from the crowd of idlers stationed round the church.

She lets her eyes wander along the compact line of people standing on the pavement close to the carriage, which, owing to the throng, is proceeding at a foot's pace, and the next moment she has turned white to the lips and instinctively draws back into the corner of the carriage.

That face and figure, so close that had she stretched out her arm she could have touched it, was it not the one which had persistently haunted her, however hard she had tried to banish it from memory and heart.

Demian—but how came he here? And what was that blood-red scar, reaching from one temple to the other and making the pallor of his face still more death-like? A sudden chill fear seized her; sick and faint at heart she closed her eyes—afraid to meet again those which had looked at her with such a world of dumb anguish and reproach in them.

She started violently as she felt her hand inclosed by chill fingers and a cracked voice whisper in her ear:

"Carissima, what ails you? You are so pale."

With a great effort she rouses herself and forces a smile to her pale lips.

"It is nothing," she replies in an unsteady voice; "only a little giddiness. The church was so hot."

"Poor little dove," replies the bridegroom tenderly, and, lifting the little hand he holds to his lips, he presses a long kiss on it. Luba longs to snatch it away, for of a sudden she loathes this old dandy at her side, for whose millions she has sold herself. Now, when it is too late, she repents what she has done in an agony of impotent regret and remorse. Already her sin has brought with it its own punishment, and surely Demian is avenged!

* * * * * *

The rays of the afternoon sun are shining through the windows of the military hospital at Alexinatz and falling on the white, still face of a young man lying on one of the miserable pallets.

He wears the uniform of a Servian officer, dirty and torn; the coat, open at the breast, shows the blood-stained shirt. His arms lie stiff and motionless by his side, and the white bandages, in which his head and brow are swathed, enhance the ghastly pallor of the pinched face. Black shadows lie under the sunken eyes which glitter between the half-closed lids.

A woman clad in the garb of a sister of mercy kneels beside him and gazes with eyes in which tears of compassion have gathered at the face on which death has cast it shadow.

"So young, and yet to die! What a cruel fate."

At the sound of her voice, low as it is, Demian opens his eyes; but all light has gone out of them for evermore, and they are fixed and glassy. His parched lips move, but no sound comes from them. With a supreme effort he raises himself from the hard pillow, and, stretching out his arms, seems beckoning to some object at the other end of the room. The nurse turns her head to look, but can see nothing save the bare whitewashed wall on which the sun is making patches of light.

"Luba!"

With that piercing cry Demian falls back on the pillow, while the red stream of his life's blood, pouring from his lips, dyes the rough sheets crimson. At the same hours that the wedding chimes are ringing out joyously, far away in sunny, smiling Italy, the bell of the little chapel at Alexinatz is tolling for the dead, and one amongst their number has found what he hoped and sought for in that distant land—far away from country and kin—the quiet resting-place where the weary spirit and broken heart are at peace for evermore.

THE WORRIES OF AUTHORSHIP.—There are many disappointments in life, and among the saddest is that of the author who finds no market for the products of his brain. This misfortune has befallen the brightest of intellects. The coinage of their brains, stamped with genius, has found no currency during the author's generation.

"Paradise Lost," brought John Milton only a paltry five pounds—about twenty-dollars of our money.

Wordsworth once told Matthew Arnold that for many years "his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has a world-wide fame, and has been translated into many languages, went begging from publisher to publisher, before one recognized its great merit.

Hawthorne for twenty years continued to be, to use his own words, "the obscurest man of letters in America." "There is not much market for my wares," he said at another time. But he ranks to-day among the American classics.

Thoreau was another example. A thousand copies of his "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" were struck off by his publisher. After a year or so, the author received word that his work would not sell, and that seven hundred and six copies were occupying cellar-room wanted for other use. Accordingly, they were transported from Boston to Concord. The work had gone forth in its nakedness and now returned in fine clothing of calico and leather, back to the old homestead, as so many poor unfortunates who have failed in the struggle of life have done. Thoreau gave them kindly though sorrowful welcome. He laid them on his back and carried them "up two flights of stairs to a place similar to that which they traced their origin." With a sort of grim humor he said, "I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

TRAVELING STONES.—Many have doubtless heard of the famous traveling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found in Nevada, which are described almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an irony nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table, or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling toward a common center, and there lie huddled up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off, with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity, to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet, it remained motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is, doubtless, to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be lodestone or magnetic iron ore.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH remarks: What a wealth of words in almost every language lies inert and unemployed, and certainly not least in our own. How much of what might be as current as coin among us is shut up in the treasure house of a few classical authors.

Scientific and Useful.

THE TELAUTOGRAPH.—The telautograph, an instrument for transmitting messages in fac-simile at any distance and with great rapidity, is a late invention.

STEAM VS. ELECTRICITY.—At West Lynn, Massachusetts, the other day, a locomotive was coupled to a large electric motor and power was applied to them in opposite directions. For some time neither gained an inch, but finally, with the aid of sand thrown on the track, the locomotive came off victorious.

COCAINE AND CHLOROFORM.—A Vienna scientist claims that the results obtained by the use of cocaine and chloroform may be secured by subcutaneous injections of a solution of sugar or salt, or even simple cold distilled water, while the ill effects that sometimes follow the applications of the former are avoided.

HOW TO FREEZE WATER ON A SMALL SCALE.—Take a concave watch glass, touch the convex side upon water so as to leave a drop hanging on the glass. Pour a little ether into the concave and blow upon it. The rapid evaporation of the ether will render the glass so cold that the drops of water will be frozen.

RAILROAD SPEED.—There is one way of telling the speed of a railway train which old travelers claim is almost infallible. Every time the car passes over a joint in the track there is a distinct click; count the number of these clicks in 20 seconds, and it is said you have the number of miles the train is going per hour, as the length of the rail is uniform.

ELECTRIC CARS.—In the construction of his electric car that is to run from New York to Philadelphia in half an hour, Mr. Gates goes back to the first principles in car building in this country. The cars on the old South Carolina Railroad, which had a schedule of 12 miles an hour, were pointed at the ends to lessen the resistance of the air. It makes one laugh to think of it. Mr. Gates' car, which is expected (by him) to go 180 miles an hour, will be arrow-shaped in front.

Farm and Garden.

CARE.—An old bag is a useful thing with which to rub the sides and flank of the cows about to be milked. Particles will adhere to them where they lie, even in the cleanest stables.

PRUNING.—Wounds of much size made in pruning may be covered with any substance which will permanently keep the wood from cracking; grafting wax, paint, shellac solution, pine tar, brickdust or tallow will do.

THE SOW.—The sow, like the mare with young, does not thrive best in indolence. Give her room to go about and something to do. Corn on the cob, roots, a few nuts, soda, lumps of charcoal, etc., will give her exercise and keep her healthy.

CLAY FLOORS.—The main objection to a clay floor for the fore feet is that the horse will paw it into a heap. But supposing he should. It is easily leveled again. The pawing and different positions for the feet always benefit a roadster.

THE CHICKENS.—If the hens are not laying satisfactorily, try warm breakfasts, seasoned a little more with cayenne pepper than would be agreeable to your taste. The breakfast should be composed largely of meat and vegetable scraps. Of course, the fowls have ground or crushed bone.

MILK.—The Health Department of Boston is equipped specially for the collection of samples of milk. Collectors station themselves at the outskirts of the city in the early hours of the morning and halt the milk dealers as they come into the city. The law gives them the right to draw milk from any can selected, and the example so taken is sealed and submitted to the chemists for analysis. The effect of the enforcement of this law has been to reduce the quantity of impure milk to a minimum.

SOONER OR LATER, a neglected Cold will develop a constant Cough, Shortness of Breath, Failing Strength, and Wasting of Flesh—all symptomatic of Consumption. In other instances the same cause will produce Bronchitis, a disease of the branches of the windpipe. In all affections of the Pulmonary organs, as well as in Bronchial complaints, Jayne's Expectorant is both a palliative and a curative, as the testimony of thousands, and its world-wide reputation attests—while in Coughs and Colds it acts speedily, and when taken according to directions, promptly removes them.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

NATURE intended all to have fresh air, sufficient plain food, uncontaminated water and exercise.

What is Genius?

There are three or four things which almost all intelligent men in every age have fancied they could define with accuracy. Take "man," "reason," "instinct," "genius," and we find that the number of attempts to describe each with the maximum of meaning and the minimum of words is almost past reckoning.

We have "man" defined as "a two-legged animal without feathers," "the tool-making animal"—and, by-the-way, Doctor Johnson tore this last definition to tatters with more than his usual ferocity—"a laughing animal," "the only animal that cooks," and so forth.

A very large railway-truck would not hold the volumes that have been written about "reason" and "instinct;" while, as for "genius," we think that every man of ability yet sent into the world has tried to fix in sharp and definite words the exact meaning of that combination of powers which influences the children of men.

A great many people jump at Napoleon's saying, "Genius is simply an infinite capacity for taking pains;" but we must not look too closely at that singularly plausible definition, for it leads us to ask a question in such a form as this—"Does an infinite capacity for taking pains signify genius?" When once that question is asked, we may call it flippant as long as we choose, but it does not prevent us from feeling that the weight of Napoleon's phrase and its general significance have been seriously diminished in importance. What shall we say of the man of science who spent twenty years in dissecting one species of caterpillar? If he had not the infinite capacity for taking pains, who has?

In Germany there are hundreds on hundreds of men who toil obscurely with incredible and unselfish pains only to make clear the most minute by-ways of science, philology, archæology, and so forth; their lives are passed in investigations which allow nothing to be slurred, and they produce yearly a library of dull terrifying statements which have their uses, but which assuredly show no signs of genius.

If we go into the subject extensively, we are presently stricken with a conviction that the people who have the strongest and most steadfast capacity for taking pains are those who have the least genius. This work may be well done—we cannot tell what their powers of secret thought may be, and therefore must make no arrogant pronouncement—but the good honest drudges have nothing marvellous to show us, and we expect from genius, before all things, production. We want to see the fact; we want to have a prompt answer to the question, "What has he done?"

Now let us look at the other side of the question, and consider the case of those who have never taken any pains at all, but who can be defined as men of genius and as nothing else. The lazy geniuses have never done any particular good in the world; but, when we look at their achievement, we join with the crowd of critics and say, "Yes; this is genius, and nothing else."

Johnson, the lexicographer, was lazy beyond all belief; he liked talk, and nothing else; he put off all work to the last moment, and he never took the least pains with anything that he did; and yet what an enormous literary output he had to show as the result of his life's exertions! Observe again that these spasmodic lazy men have given us some of the best things that the world can boast. Can they be regarded as coming under Napoleon's definition? We doubt it.

We are now forced to edge away towards another stand-point whence we may view this mysterious subject. In moments when the mind may be left free it often appears to us that, in the case of most men of supreme genius in their various walks of life, one strange law holds.

When we get one specimen who fulfils every condition included under the term "genius," then Nature's action along that particular strain ceases; a perfect fruit is grown on that particular branch, and then the slow inexorable advance which went on from the beginning of years stops. We see only the latter terms in the enormous series which stretches up to us from the night of time; but how very curious and startling a study those terms offer for us! The line of Jesse culminates in Solomon. Julius Cæsar is the last representative of his race.

Marcus Antonius passed away leaving no one like to himself. English Alfred forms the summit of development in his line. Chaucer left no one. Then, when all the forces of thought in all the world concentrated in the brain of one man, and Shakspere appeared on earth, we had one fine flower of the human race; he passed away, and his children were scarcely worth so much as mention. Not a trace did this marvel leave of his personal life on the globe save a few signatures, a few barren figures, and a few scrawls in old registers. His plays are literature's high-water mark; but about the production of them we can tell nothing. The Shakspere line is gone.

And thus the wild and mysterious work goes on; and the giant Napoleon who was once the world's emperor and who would have given half his world to found a dynasty, could not have done so even had there been no Waterloo.

Words cannot tell how these natural phenomena affect the imagination and reason. One law seems to be so nearly invariable, and the law is so far beyond the comprehension of man, that we are sometimes inclined to put the mystery aside, and say, "This is as inexplicable as space or the movement of the comets." However it may be, it seems that genius depends on heredity, because we can always observe the characteristics of a supremely great man in his ancestors, even though those characteristics may be as it were rudimentary.

WITH our limited minds and opportunities, all our knowledge must be to a certain extent fragmentary; but it is a good thing to have the fragments in some kind of order, to take stock of them, as it were, so as to know what is there and what is not, and thus to be able to use them as required.

AS WE grow wise with age and its concomitant sorrowful experience, we find that change, not stability, is the law of life, and that all things are for a time; while nothing, not the universe itself, is for ever.

No life is worthy and noble that has no "must" in it—that is not ready to bow its most cherished schemes or its fondest wishes to the ever-present authority of the still small voice.

MEN are apt to mistake the strength of their feeling for the strength of their argument. The heated mind resents the chill touch and relentless scrutiny of logic.

MANY a man who thinks he bears a great enterprise on his shoulders is simply round-shouldered from carrying a large load of self-conceit.

WHATEVER touches the nerves of motive, whatever shifts man's moral position, is mightier than steam, or caloric or lightning.

NEVER in our estimate of human nature and human society should we forget the good which courts no public observation.

CHARACTER is shown more by the direction in which our steps are turned than by the actual position we have attained.

TRUE goodness is like the glow-worm in this, that it shines most when no eyes, except those of Heaven, are upon it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LESSIE.—If you are the eldest unmarried daughter, you should have "Miss Jones" engraved in script upon your visiting cards; if you have an elder sister not married, you should have "Miss Mary Jones."

BRIENNE.—If the gentleman with whom you have been intimate does not vouchsafe an explanation of his conduct, you should assert your womanly dignity by treating him with coolness. Doubtless he is unworthy of the love of a true woman, and you are fortunate in not becoming his wife.

K. T.—A girl can be very charming and entertaining without flirting. To flirt is to try deliberately to make a man believe you are very much in love with him. Young men are prone to think so, anyhow, and to meet a coquette half-way. When her back is turned they are apt to say of her, "She is the girl to have a bit of fun with," not that she is a nice girl they would like to have for a sister or a wife.

S. Z. T.—It is probable that your nervousness and your habit of sleeping with your mouth open may result from some obscure nasal affection or catarrh, for which you should consult a physician. A person troubled with nervousness should have regular hours for sleeping and eating. Drink hot milk or hot water and milk instead of tea or coffee, and bathe often, particularly the feet, in warm water. Of course no tobacco or strong drink should be used.

EDIE.—The French method of polishing is as follows:—With a piece of fine pumice-stone and water pass regularly over the work with the grain of the wood until the rising of the grain is down; then with powdered tripoli and boiled linseed oil polish the work to a bright face. This will give a very superior polish, but it requires time and hard labor. Furniture is often cleaned and restored by using a mixture of three parts of linseed oil and one part of spirits of turpentine.

G. B.—The glaze for pottery is usually made of white clay, ground quartz, feldspar, and white lead. All are ground fine and mixed with water enough to make a milk-like liquid. Each piece is carefully dipped into the glaze so as cover it all over equally, and then set upon a bench. The water of the glaze soaks into the ware, leaving a thin film on the outside. The cuticles are again put into seggars, and baked in a glaze kiln for about half a day, when they are cooled again slowly. The glaze is melted by this baking and spread evenly all over the surface.

ELLA R.—Canvas is usually primed or grounded before it is put into the artist's hands, and of a neutral gray or other tint, as he may direct. Artists attach great importance to the color and texture of the ground, as tending in no small degree to affect the technical quality of the work. In forming an opinion on paintings by old masters, the kind of ground used is always taken into consideration, for in different epochs and schools particular grounds were used. The works of the Italian school, preceding and during the time of Raphael, were all painted on white grounds. The preparation was composed of gesso, plaster of Paris, or chalk mixed with the size, and the ground was of course absorbent. The works of the Dutch and Flemish masters, which are distinguished for brilliancy and transparency, were painted on light grounds, varying from white to gray, and their practice is generally followed in modern schools.

DANISH.—1. A well-bred man is always known by the perfect ease and tranquility of his manner, points which should be carefully cultivated. Acquire, if possible, an easy confidence in speaking, so as never to appear abashed or confused; avoiding, however, the opposite error of forwardness or presumption. Persons moving in the higher classes seldom, if ever, allow themselves to appear disturbed or vexed, whatever occurs to annoy them. This may seem a difficult matter to you, but by scrupulously schooling yourself in this respect, you will find that it can be accomplished. Some persons claim that in most cases this is simply an affectation of indifference. Be that as it may, it is worth admiring, for in well-bred society nothing is more disagreeable than boisterousness or awkwardness. 2. You should not hesitate in consulting your wife on business affairs. You could not select a better counsellor—one who is more deeply interested in your welfare.

TYRO.—When a sculptor constructs a large clay model, a skeleton or frame of wood or iron is made, whereon to place a sufficient quantity of wet clay. This clay is moulded by means of tools of wood or ivory. The figure is thus built up in clay, and should be modelled without any drapery, in order that the true proportions of the form may be attained, and thus give a natural curve and fall to the drapery when added. The clay must be kept damp by wet cloths, so as to prevent the cracking or shrinking of the model. The next step is to obtain a "cast" of this. The model is covered with a mixture of plaster of Paris and water, and when this has become hardened, the clay model within is carefully picked out. The plaster of Paris matrix is then washed; the interior is brushed over with a composition of oil and soap, and a fresh supply of plaster poured in. When this sets, the matrix is struck off, with chisels, and a cast of the model, which has not adhered to the mould by reason of the oily compound mentioned above is obtained. This cast is the exact fac-simile of the original model, and if it is intended to execute the work in bronze, another mould is taken from it by the founder.

HOW THE WORLD RUNS.

BY UHLAND.

Across the mead at even-tide
My path doth ever lie;
She to her summer-house hath hied,
And peeps as I pass by.
Of fix'd appointments have we none;
'Tis but the way the world doth run.

How first it chanced I cannot guess,—
I kiss her every day;
I ask no leave, she says not yes,
But still she says not nay.
When lip on lip so eager lights,
Why should we pause in our delights?

The breeze that with the rose bud sports
Asks never, Lov'st thou me?
The rose, which pearly dew-drop courts,
Says never, Give to me!
So I love her, and she loves me;
Yes neither says, I love but thee.

The Brocaded Silk.

BY T. A. P.

"GOODNESS gracious, what a cheerful night!" wearily sighed Nellie, as she sank into the old arm-chair, and held two mud-disguised feet out towards the fire.

It certainly was a "cheerful night," if "cheerful" be taken ironically. It had been an unpleasant day, beginning with enough snow to make the ground white, and then changing to a drizzling rain, turning each street into a greasy slide, which made walking an abomination and a snare, and inspired one with bitter hatred towards each rib of one's fellow-passengers' umbrellas as they flaunted the rain-drops into one's face.

"Why, Nellie dear, you don't look as if you would 'rise and rin' even 'to see your dearie'—does she, mother?" said Arthur, looking at her critically.

"No, indeed, dear," was the reply; "and the sooner her things are off the better."

It needed no fewer than three gentle admonitions from our mother to start Nellie upstairs to change her soaking dress and shoes. The waterproof cloak—there was only one in the family—was out at a music lesson.

It came in presently with the one who was wanting to complete the "group"—our little Clarie, as our mother always called her, I suppose because she was the youngest, for she was a head taller than Nellie, and a head and shoulders taller than I was, which I always thought was a pity, for I was the oldest of them all, and ought to have been—after our mother—the "head of the family;" but they all treated me as if I was six years old, and I have taken more good advice in the course of my life than the celebrated old man who once had a donkey to sell.

Of course we were poor. Nellie and Clarie did not give French and music lessons at all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather, just for amusement. We were in hopes that some one would leave us "something" "some day;" but, as we had no idea who he was, nor when he would do it, we were obliged to work hard for our living in the meantime. We must all have been "Saturday's bairns," I think, if there is any truth in the old rhyme.

Next to the legacy—which, en passant, has not come yet—our hopes were centred in Arthur, as the coming man who was to raise the fortunes of the family. He was only eighteen at the time of which I am writing, but was already, for a young man of his age, in receipt of a very good salary as a merchant's clerk.

However, that was not enough for everybody, so Nellie gave French lessons and Clarie music lessons, and I helped our mother to keep house and do the sewing and mending for the family, and in my spare hours I "copied" for a lawyer.

We managed to keep the house going and our clothes respectable; but such turning and twisting it took to do it! I think there are some people in this world to whom certain passages in the lives of other people would be a perfect revelation. That is rather vague, I admit; but I was thinking of the people who, when they want anything reasonable, go out and buy it.

Now, if it became absolutely necessary that one of us should have a new dress, it was a matter of debate in solemn family council for two or three weeks, and we tired to discover "how we could make up for it" by going without something else.

And as for a new carpet—the fate of a nation has been settled with less consultation. There is this to be said, however—people who get things whenever they want them certainly cannot enjoy them as poor people do.

On this stormy afternoon we gathered round the grate, as it began to grow too dark for us to write or sew any longer, and took the full comfort of our "blind man's holiday."

It was Saturday evening, and we were all glad of that; and Arthur had received that day—it was early in the year—what he called a love-token from his employer, in the shape of a ten-pound note; and, as there were at least fifty ten-pound-note ways of spending it, the conversation was rather animated.

We did have good times in that shabby little parlor! I often smile to myself now, recalling the "smart speeches" that my mother and the girls and Arthur used to make. I could not make them myself, which was as well perhaps, for I served as 'admiring audience."

We had just begun to think it was time to light the gas and go to work again, when the maid-of-all-work came in with two letters—one for my mother and one for Clarie. The gas was lighted at once, and the two favorites of fortune sat down to read their letters. They finished them together, and Clarie turned to my mother with a flushed cheek and an "Oh, mother!" of regret and very faint hope.

Of course they were besieged with enquiries and the letters were read aloud. Clarie's was from her "dearest friend"—no, it was not a lover, it was a girl-friend—and mother's was from the said friend's married sister, Mrs. Merivale, and the gist of both was an earnest invitation to Clarie to come to Yorkshire for her friend's approaching wedding, to be one of the bridesmaids, and to stay for the ensuing festivities.

We all knew there was no quicker way to spend money than in traveling. Yorkshire a long way from home, too.

This, as Arthur, dear fellow, eagerly suggested, might be met with part of the ten pounds; but people cannot be bridesmaids at weddings, and go to parties for two or three weeks afterwards, with only one "best dress"—no matter how handsome the dress may be—and Clarie's was nothing extraordinary.

To be sure, she looked lovely whatever dress she had on; but even lovely-looking people might feel a little uncomfortable at wedding, if they, being bridesmaids, had on dark green poplins.

So, after a great deal of discussion and a little wild speech from Arthur, who could not bear to see Clarie's disappointment, it was sorrowfully decided that Clarie must decline.

There was nothing we could sell conveniently, though the suggestions on the subject made a little diversion—for somehow we could not help joking, if we were as poor as rats; and I think that was one reason why we stood poverty as well as we did.

Nellie and I offered to sell our hair, but mine was of a shade of red which Arthur declared was matchless; and Nellie's was about two inches long, and in such close little curls that we all told her that whoever she made the offer to would think she was "fishing" for an offer for her head.

We subsided at last, and everybody's face was a little serious, for we felt sorry about Clarie. She was far from strong, and the endless round in which she was engaged did not tend to make her stronger; indeed, she was not fit to face the storms she often had to encounter in going to give her lessons, as a troublesome cough was proving.

But we had to "accept the inevitable," so Clarie took her desk and began her answer, "to put herself out of her misery," she said, when Arthur, who was reading the evening paper, gave an exclamation, and said, excitedly—

"Hold up a minute, Clarie. Will it make any difference if you don't write that till Monday evening?"

"No, I suppose not," she answered, reluctantly. "It is not to be till next month; but I wanted to have it off my mind. Why, Arthur?"

"Never you mind why," responded that young gentleman, loftily; "if it really doesn't matter, just please to wait; I'd do that much for you any day."

Half laughingly, Clarie replied—

"Well, I 'learned to labor' some time ago, so now I suppose I may as well 'learn to wait,'" and took up her sewing again.

She knew it was useless to question Arthur; his air of mystery was overwhelming. After he had gone to bed we studied the paper attentively, hoping to find out the cause of his request, but in vain.

So our mother stopped at Arthur's door on her way to bed, and gave him a gentle admonition "not to do anything foolish," which was met with a prompt—"I don't mean to, ma'am."

The next day being Sunday, we had to stifle curiosity and impatience. Monday morning came, and we indulged in various speculations as to what Arthur's mighty secret might be. I could see that our mother was a little uneasy, and Clarie too, for it would be "just like him," as our mother said, "to get out of his newly acquired 'fortune' what he thought was necessary to enable Clarie to go."

"And, if he should do so," Clarie said, "which prudence forbid, I still could not go, for you know I have no trunk."

This was sadly true. The "family trunk"—it was the one our mother had on her wedding journey—was "past all surgery," having been ruthlessly handled by a mighty Irish porter on its last trip.

Arthur came rushing in half an hour before dinner time, still excited, and still feigning no information, save that he had leave of absence from the office that afternoon, and that he wanted me to "hurry up dinner," as he had important business to transact. He ate his dinner hastily, and we saw no more of him for the afternoon. He came in just at dusk, evidently flushed with a triumph, and took up a post of observation at the window, where he had not waited long before he went quickly to the front door.

Clarie and I were in the room, and went to the window, wondering what it could all mean, and half expecting to see the forty white slaves leading forty black ones, with basins of jewels on their heads, although, as Clarie remarked, we had not seen him rub the lamp.

There was only one man there, however—a porter—wheeling a very stylish-looking trunk up to the door, which, with Arthur's assistance, he speedily transferred to the hall.

"Where will you have it, Clarie?" asked Arthur, composedly. "You'd better make up your mind before the man goes—it is too heavy for me to carry it by myself."

I was speechless with amazement, and thought I should certainly wake up presently and find it all a dream; but Clarie behaved admirably.

"It had better go into the sewing-room, Arthur," she said, with composure equal to his own; and into the sewing-room it was accordingly taken by Arthur and the porter—upon which the latter was dismissed in a lordly style by Arthur, and then that potentate was driven into the parlor at the point of a needle.

Nellie was cutting the bread for tea, and had come to see what the commotion meant, followed by our mother; and Arthur was assailed with questions by everybody at once.

"If you will all stop talking for a few minutes, I shall be very happy to tell you," said the hero of the evening; and then it occurred to us that we could make his explanation much better if we all kept still—which we accordingly did.

"Now you will please not interrupt me," he began, majestically; "And, when I have finished, you can all say what you please. I saw in the paper on Saturday evening that there was to be a railway sale to-day of unclaimed trunks and parcels; and it occurred to me that I might find a trunk there that would do for Clarie. I did not expect her to use what was inside it, unless it was something very superb; but I thought perhaps we could raise the wind for a new dress, or two, if we only had the trunk.

"So I went to the sale this afternoon, and I shall never again doubt that 'Fortune favors the brave,' for it was raining cats and dogs, and there was scarcely any one there; and this trunk was put up towards the last, when some of the bidders had got tired and gone home. I had looked at it carefully before the sale commenced.

"There is no mark on it anywhere—it has not even a card; it is, besides nearly new. And so I bid for it; and, if there were any chance of your guessing rightly, I would make you guess how much I gave for it, but there is not the least, ladies," said Arthur, holding up an imaginary hammer, and making his voice sound as much like the auctioneer's as possible.

"This trunk, which is nearly new, and quite as good as if it were, bound with iron, and with a hump on its back, which adapts it to carry several bonnets of the present fashion, and with room for any reasonable young woman's entire wardrobe inside it, went for the incredibly low price of two pounds."

The orator had evidently finished; but I will not attempt to give the remarks that followed. Clarie thanked and kissed him; and, although we all felt uncomfortable about owning a trunk procured in this manner, we tired not to damp his pleasure by letting him see it. We agreed to wait until after tea to examine the contents of the newly-acquired treasure; so we adjourned to the dining-room, full of excitement, and speculating largely as to what the mysterious article might disclose.

We were too full of curiosity to be long at table, and as soon as tea was over we adjourned to the sewing-room to investigate the mystery, when it suddenly occurred to us that it would be easier to do so if we had a key that did not quite fit; then he motioned us all to the other side of the room, and said that Clarie was the proper person to make the investigation.

"It was a little like having the 'wonderful lamp' to get that trunk and its contents for two pounds," Arthur said.

It was filled with beautiful dresses, chosen and made with a taste that bespoke a ladylike owner. The place for the bonnets was occupied with pretty fichus and sleeves, not of lace, however, but of blonde, which is quite a different thing, as every woman knows.

Then there were kid gloves—half-a-dozen pairs at least—it is true they were sixes, and Clarie's number was five and three-quarters, but that was a trifle—and pretty ribbons, and belts for the different dresses. Some of the dresses had been worn a little, others were quite new.

There was no jewelery, and not a single article of white clothing, except the blonde things, so that of course nothing was marked.

The probabilities were that it was one of a number of trunks with which some one had started for a long sojourn at some watering-place. The dresses had evidently belonged to some rich and rather fashionable person of about our mother's age; for there were two or three small articles of real lace among the variety of blonde things, which were evidently intended to conceal the fact that "the parting was all too wide for her ladyship's head."

At the very bottom of the trunk was one dress which had never been made up, and looked as if it were meant for some one younger than the owner of the other things must have been. It was a curious article, looking as if it had been made to order in some foreign country—a heavy white silk, brocaded with pink rosebuds, which were so beautiful that we almost thought they must have been wrought with a needle.

The debate that followed, when everything had been inspected, lasted until nearly midnight. Clarie declared she could not use the things with any comfort, at least until after the trunk had been advertised.

Arthur reassured her on this point, by the information that it had been advertised by the railway company, and that it was only after a sufficient time had elapsed to allow of an answer coming from any part of the United Kingdom that the sale had taken place.

This was some consolation, but still it did not reconcile Clarie to the idea of wearing clothes that had belonged to some one else. I could see that our mother had the same feeling, and that she would have preferred that Clarie should give up the visit, rather than use these things. She felt less scruple about the trunk, and even suggested that Clarie should buy one or two dresses, simple and inexpensive; but Clarie well knew the pinching that would come upon the rest of us, if she consented to this.

At last she agreed to go, using only such of the dresses as were necessary to make her present a respectable appearance. Arthur was triumphant again, and mother, Nellie, Clarie, and I all stitched away, at every spare moment we had, at the dresses, which were so ample that there was no difficulty in altering them to great advantage to fit Clarie's slender figure.

When she wrote her letter of acceptance, she inquired particularly how the bridesmaids were to dress, and received, of course, a minute description in reply. We could not help thinking that her warm-hearted friend had adapted the dress to Clarie's circumstances, for the materials she mentioned was simple white tarlatane. Clarie was filled with dismay, however, at the announcement.

The fact that there was a heavy white silk among the dresses had chiefly induced her to consent; and now, determined that no more should be spent on her, she again declared her intention of declining. But here one of the family, who does not care to be particularized, came to the rescue, and sternly forbade Clarie to write the proposed letter, saying, with an appearance of conviction that hid a quaking heart, that the dress should be forthcoming in time, and that none of the

family should do without anything else to obtain it.

Clarie, beginning to feel herself in the hands of destiny, submitted; and the aforesaid individual wasted a small amount of midnight gas, while she wrote out of her large experience a very poor "article" for one of the magazines, which, strange to say, was accepted, and, what was much more important, paid for, and the dress was bought.

So at last everything was ready, including the rosebud dress—which was so beautiful that we had persuaded Clarie into having it made up—and our darling set off one bright winter morning, full of pleasant excitement and delightful anticipations and almost forgetting the compunctions about the trunk and its contents.

Arthur had painted her name on one end of the trunk and her initials on the other; and it was so like the trunks of forty other people at the station that Clarie said that she did not more than half expect to have it demanded of her before she reached the end of her journey. She had made arrangements with her scholars for an absence of three weeks, and we all rejoiced in her temporary freedom, hoping much from its effect upon her health.

"Of course," she said, as we stood on the platform waiting for the train, "I shall tell Alice and Rosie how I came by my 'fine feathers,' or else they would think I had been robbing a bank or making mother sell the spoons; but I do not know that any one else need know it."

We all agreed that it concerned no one else; and then the train came, and away she went, her bright face at the window as long as we could see it.

Her first two or three letters were radiant; the wedding had "gone off" beautifully, and the bride had been feted by a host of relatives and friends. Then came a short hurried note—she had been gone about ten days—saying that we might expect her home next day, and asking Arthur to meet her at the station.

We were still wondering about this, and forming anxious conjectures as to the cause of this change in her plans, when the next post brought a longer but equally unsatisfactory letter, saying that Mrs. Merivale would not hear of her going before the three weeks were up, and was much grieved that she had limited herself to that space of time; so that, "to please Rosie, and for other reasons," she had consented to stay.

"I know," she wrote, "that you will all think me very mysterious and 'contrary,' but I really cannot explain until I see you; it would take more paper than I have with me to write it all out, and I never did like to borrow."

Of course there was but one opinion in the family—it must be a love affair; and we all agreed in thinking that Clarie was treating us very snabbily, and that she certainly had paper enough with her to tell us his name and where he lived, and a few other important particular, such as the color of his eyes and hair.

But we were well aware that the youngest daughter of the house had her share of firmness, and that it would be useless to ask any questions until "her ladyship" came home. We were so fully persuaded that it was a love affair that we fell into a way of talking and speculating about the "great unknown" which has since struck me as excessively funny.

Clarie had always been fastidious, and the family was divided in its mind as to whether the "great unknown" would be the impossible collection of perfections which we had occasionally heard described, or one of the extraordinary ordinary men who too often take the places reserved for paragons.

Our impatience made Clarie's absence seem longer, but it came to an end at last, and the day arrived which was to bring the absentee back to us. Nellie and Arthur went to the station, while mother and I put the finishing touches to Clarie's room, and to the preparations for dinner and tea in one, which we had decided would be an acceptable offering to the traveller.

"Though, to be sure," said Nellie, "if she is in love, we are wasting provisions."

At last she came, the dear youngest, without her cough, and looking so much better for her holiday that I think we all felt as if we had had a holiday ourselves. We half expected to see the "great unknown" with her, and I said, a little disappointedly, when she was fairly settled in the parlor—

"So he did not come with you?"

"You too!" she exclaimed, half laughing and half crying. "What ails all you children? Mother is the only member of the family still in her senses, for Nell and Arthur no sooner had me fairly out of the train than they said the very same thing to me, and when I asked what on earth they meant, they called me a humbug. Now, mother, what do they mean?"

"Why, my dear," began our mother, "it is only what your letters led us to expect. You have made a great mystery about it—more I think than was necessary to your own family—that I hope we shall hear all about him now."

"My last hope is gone!" exclaimed Clarie, in despair. "Mother is as bad as the rest of you; but, if any one would tell me what you are all driving at——"

I thought it high time to cut the knot.

"Why, Clarie," I said, "aren't you engaged to be married? Or at last we thought that must be the secret."

"You've 'been asleep on the Queen's highway,' little woman," said Clarie, laughing, "or you would never have dreamt of such a thing. No, you dear foolish folk, I have not got into any such foolish scrape as that. I did not find what you call my impossible combination in Yorkshire; my mystery is much more prosaic than that, and I am sorry for all your disappointment. But indeed I am as hungry as a hawk; let me eat first, and I promise to talk afterwards, and tell you a story that will last half the evening, although it is not a love story."

When tea was over, we all drew round the fire, with the modern Scheherazade in the middle of the group, and also in the biggest chair, in consideration of her fatigue.

"You know," she began, "what a discussion we had as to whether we should or should not make up that beautiful odd piece of new silk that was in that trunk?" We all nodded.

"Well, 'thereby hangs the tale' which I am about to tell you. I have myself to thank for consenting to have it made; but somehow I fancied it more than all the others, because I knew it had never been worn.

"Of course I told Rosie all about the trunk and things, and she said that Arthur was an angel, and that I might tell him so, and that she thought it was good fun, and that I need not have hesitated a moment—she wouldn't. She promised not to mention it, however, for, as I suggested to her, other people might not look at it precisely as she did.

"I wore my bridesmaid's dress at the first two or three parties; but one morning, as we were talking about a particularly large and magnificent one which was to take place that evening, Rosie insisted that I should wear my 'rosebud' dress.

"One of her reasons, she said, for wanting me to look my best was that an aunt of her husband's was to come that afternoon, and would probably accompany us in the evening. She was very handsome, and went into society a great deal; and Rosie said, if I made a good impression, it would reflect credit on her for her choice of a friend.

"Of course this was all her nonsense; but I saw that she really wanted to wear the dress: so, to please her, I yielded, although I felt a greater reluctance to put it on than I thought I should.

"Mrs. Clifford—the aunt—arrived in the afternoon, but I did not see anything of her until we went to tea: then I was introduced, and fell in love with her immediately. She is one of the most fascinating woman I have ever met here—very handsome, and just a little bit stately, with the sweetest voice I have ever heard. She must be very 'well preserved' for she certainly does not look old enough to be Mr. Merivale's aunt, except that her hair is white; she wears it in lovely soft curls at her temples, and it looks as thick as mine. She is an Italian by extraction, but has spent most of her life in this country. She must have been how she fascinated me; and she was very gracious—though, to be sure, she was that to everybody.

"Rosie told me after tea, when we went up to dress, that she should be jealous of me if her aunt liked me much, for she was as much in love with her as I was.

"Rosie came into my room when she was dressed, and fixed the flowers in my hair—some rosebuds nearly like those in the dress as possible; which she had selected for me without my knowledge—and said all sorts of flattering things about how I looked; and then we went down to the drawing-room together.

"Mrs. Clifford was already there, standing before the fire, and looking like an empress in her purple velvet dress. As soon as we came in, and she caught sight of us, I saw her give a great start and then turn pale. If she had not been such a thorough lady, she would have started, and my guilty conscience about the dress made me blush.

"'Doesn't she look lovely, aunt Margaret?' said Rosie, like a goose; though I will do her the justice to say that she had not spoken of what I wore.

"'She would justly regard such a remark from so new an acquaintance as I am in the light of an impertinence,' observered Mrs. Clifford, with dignity.

"Poor little Rose froze in a moment. You may imagine I did not feel much more comfortable; and we were all glad—at least I know I was—that Mr. Merivale came in just then and told us the carriage was ready. He did not notice how constrained we all were—being 'only a man,' you know—and talked very pleasantly all the way; but, although Rosie and I did our best to second him, we were too much chilled to succeed very well.

"Rosie—poor child!—thought that she, with her unlucky speech, was 'the cause of our anguish;' but I had a feeling in my heart that it was something worse. I knew that I had met with the rightful owner of my trunk, still I could not see why she had turned pale on recognizing the dress.

"I do not think that either Rosie or I enjoyed the part. I had the pleasure of thinking that I was the 'innocent cause,' besides the knowledge that I must either enter into an explanation with Mr. Clifford of my own accord, or have her ask me for one, or suffer from her freezing manner should she be too proud to say anything.

"My dilemma had three horns, you see, so I chose the first. When we came home, Mrs. Clifford and I were left alone together in the drawing-room for a few minutes; so I resolved to take action, and asked her if I might come to her room for a little while, when we went upstairs, as I had something to say to her. She looked surprised, but said 'Certainly,' and before anything more could be said, Rosie came back, and we all went upstairs.

"Rosie was so sleepy that she just bade me good night at my door, instead of coming into my room to talk over the party, as she usually did; I hurriedly took off the hateful dress, and wrote you the little note that surprised you all so much, and then put on my wrapper, and, with the calmness of despair, went and tapped at Mrs. Clifford's door.

"She let me in, and asked me to sit down, and then sat down herself quite near me. She did not look so freezing as she had looked in the evening. I did not wait for her to ask me what I wanted, but plunged into the subject, and told her story from beginning to end, not making out that we were in a destitute condition generally, but trying to make her understand that it was only extras we had to do without.

"She never said a word until I stopped, and then, when I looked up to see how she took it, she came and stood right in front of me, and took my face in her hands, and kissed me. I burst out crying at this, like a great baby; but I could not help it, for I felt so relieved, and it was so sweet of her to behave in that way. She petted and comforted me, just as you might have done, mother; and when I was quiet again she said—

"'My child, you have saved us both much pain by your frankness, and, relieved my mind in a manner of which you can form no idea until until you hear my part of the story.' And then she told me all about the trunk.

"She lost it more than a year ago, as she was traveling to Italy on a visit. She had several trunks, and this was a new one she bought expressly to hold some dresses and laces after the others were filled. Through the carelessness of her son, who had charge of all her luggage, this trunk was sent off without any name or direction—without even a card on it.

"The trunk having nothing whatever by which it might be distinguished, she gave up all hope of recovering it. Her nephew did enquire and advertise for it after she and her son had gone, but was never able to hear anything of it.

"She resigned herself to her fate, caring more for the loss of that beautiful dress—which she was taking over to a favorite niece of hers—than she did for her own things. That was my 'rosebud' dress. But now comes the real romance of the trunk, which I have been saving till the last, seeing that it most concerns myself.

"Mr. Clifford asked me if I had any objection to her seeing the trunk, as she had a particular reason for wishing to do so. Of course I had not; so she came with me to my room, where it was lying, and waited for me to raise the lid.

"Then she asked me if I had any papers in that little pocket on one of the trays that you perhaps remember seeing. I said I had not; whereupon she asked me for a penknife, and opened the pocket and passed the blade along the inner edge somewhere. She smiled at my look of astonishment, saying that she would explain her strange proceedings in a moment; and from between the two linings which she had separated in this way she drew out a little folded paper. Then she took my hand and said, with her voice all trembling—

"'My child, how can I ever thank you?'

"She could not say anything more for a few minutes, but when she could speak steadily again she told me what it all meant. I do not understand legal technicalities, but the paper was a deed or something which involved the possession of nearly all her property. I did not quite understand her statement, but it was something to this effect.

"When she first lost her trunk, she was not at all anxious about the documents, for there was another just as good with her lawyer; but his office was burnt down within a month or two afterwards, and a relation of her husband's—her husband died many years ago—had laid claim to the property.

"She had no proof to sustain her rights—though of course everybody who knew her believed her to be the rightful owner—and now this deed, or whatever it was, might save the property for her. She had to go on to London to consult with her lawyer about it, and was going to begin a fresh search for the trunk the next day.

"The reason she had turned so pale when she saw me in that dress was that the niece to whom she was taking it had died soon after Mrs. Clifford last went to Italy. I had reminded her of this niece, she said, when she first met me, and when she saw me in that dress she was painfully startled.

"I still meant to come home the next day after we had had this talk, for I thought it would be pleasanter for everybody, and so I told Rosie in the morning after she had heard all about it.

"But they were about so loving, and really seemed to want me to stay so much, that I concluded to do so. Mrs. Clifford would not hear of taking the trunk and other things back. At first I felt discomposed about it.

"But if you could only have heard how she talked! She said that she had never had a daughter, and that it would pain her if I did not accept the things as a remembrance of the great service I had done her.

"As if I had done it on purpose! And Rosie sided with her, so that I had to yield; and Mrs. Clifford said I was to be sure and have the rest of the dresses made up when I went home—it would please her so to know that I was wearing them.

"And now comes that which most relates to myself. Mrs. Clifford is going back to Italy in three or four weeks to visit her son, who is married and settled there, and she says she is commissioned by her daughter-in-law to bring a governess for the children—and she wants to take me.

"The salary is just three times as much as I get now for my music lessons; and Mrs. Clifford says that, although she may be partial, she thinks that I cannot fail to like her relations, and to be happy with them. She did not want me to decide without consulting mother and all of you, but she would like an answer as soon as possible. There—my story's ended! And now, my very patient and attentive audience, you may all make your remarks."

There were many, as may be supposed, and we sat up talking of Clarie's good fortune till our mother fairly drove us to bed. Of course it was decided that Clarie should accept the situation.

Mrs. Clifford answered her note of acceptance with one of cordial thanks, in which she begged permission to stay a night with us on her way to her son's home; afterwards Clarie and she could proceed together.

It was a little out of her way, we knew, and Clarie had expected to meet her at the railway-station, so that we felt very much pleased with the thoughtful kindness which the proposal showed. She came, and we were all as much charmed with our darling when we saw what a friend she had secured.

Clarie passed three happy years in her Italian home—for such she felt it to be—coming home for her vacation every summer, and looking stronger and prettier each time, we thought. She often saw the kind friend who had been the cause of her good fortune, and the love between them seemed to increase with each meeting.

At the end of these years two of the children of whom Clarie had charge were sent to school; and, although her employer urged her to stay until the third should be prepared for school also, she could not disappoint Arthur by turning a deaf ear to his proud and happy letter of entreaty that she would come to the home where he could "keep us all now, and let us do nothing from morning till night if we liked." So we are all together once more—not "doing nothing from morning till night" by any means, but consulting our own inclinations about the style of our work a little more than we used to do.

Arthur talked of buying another trunk for himself, and setting out to make his fortune, but concluded to stick to the surer—if somewhat slower—way in which he had started; and he has had no reason to regret having done so.

A Terrible Moment.

BY M. W. P.

YES, terrible—that is just what it was. I shall never forget it, even should I live to one of those wondrous ages at times recorded in the papers. Moreover, it was not a thing for a man to forget. Many events may slip from our mind, but never that moment when we stand on the brink of the grave, brought thither by the probability of an awful death.

It happened in this way. I had been in Australia for about five years, during which time I had amassed a tolerable fortune, when I began to long to see the old country again—a desire considerably strengthened by the fact that the girl I loved, and who had consented to be my wife, was going to England, and I could not bear the thought of such an extent of ocean between us; so I determined to go too, and let our marriage take place there.

May Brodstone was the only daughter of a well-to-do squatter, and the prettiest, nicest girl for miles round the station, though, until I had become acquainted with her, rather fond of a bit of girlish flirtation. This was the worse for me, as it turned out.

Among her many admirers was one Jacob Kiel. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned, he was of that class of men who feel strongly, and who never forget an injury—like wild cats, they are nasty customers to offend. Well, May, I fear, had flirted somewhat with Jacob Kiel, who, I really believed, loved the very ground she walked on, though she declared—and I knew it was true—that she had never given him the slightest hope.

It was about this time that I appeared upon the scene; and she discovered that she had found the right man, as I had found the right girl. May Brodstone instantly gave up all her admirers, was as steady and quiet as a gum-tree when no wind blows, and finally said the "Yes" upon which my happiness depended.

Old Mr. Brodstone knew that the match would be a good one, and readily gave his consent, so that our engagement was soon made public. I was present when the news reached Jacob Kiel. I shall never forget his face. His lips were compressed, his dark eyes contracted; he looked from May to me, and I felt if he could he would do much mischief. Without a syllable he quitted the place. A strange sensation ran through me as he departed; and May told me that a cold shudder had run through her veins.

We did not see much of Kiel after this, though we knew he was often about the station upon business; but the man somehow threw a kind of shadow over May's and my happiness, and we were not at all sorry when we got on board the steamer and steamed off towards Old England. We had not, however, got cleverly out of sight of land when May, giving a little cry, put her hand on my arm, and, slightly nodding her head towards the lower deck, said—

"Oh, Edward, look—he is here too!"

And so he was. Leaning quietly over the side, watching the land apparently, was Jacob Kiel—a passenger for England, like ourselves. I will own that I was considerably annoyed, though when May, drawing nearer, exclaimed, in a low startled voice, "Edward dear, I don't know how it is, but I dread that man—I cannot divest my mind of the thought that he means us harm," I laughed, and tried to banish so absurd an idea. And certainly it appeared I had every right to do so. Save by a casual interchange of a few words, Kiel never troubled us; and we were making a capital journey, when, just as we were within twenty degrees of the line, we were struck by a hurricane which the captain declared was almost a cyclone in violence.

The vessel could not weather it. The masts crashed overboard, taking several of the crew with them, and, before the wreck could be cut adrift, a portion of the broken spars, dashing against the ship, had caused a leak below the water-line, and the cry was—"We are sinking! Lower the boats—the pumps are useless!"

The Captain was marvelously firm and cool, and by his example made us all the same.

The boats were rapidly lowered and filled, while, thank Heaven, the storm seemed to abate. The women went first, of course, and all was proceeding well, when, just as the last boat was being filled, I remembered that in my hurry I had left my mother's miniature in my chest. There was plenty of time to fetch it, and in a second I was down in the cabin. Flinging the lid open, my hand was already upon the likeness, when I heard a foot upon the stairs. I turned, and by the dim light yet swinging from the roof perceived Jacob Kiel.

Good Heavens! The diabolical expression on his face, the fiendish malice in his dark snake-like eyes, revealed his intention in a moment. He had come to do me some deadly harm. Leaping up, I seized my revolver, to be on my guard; but an attack was not his purpose. Before I could prevent him, he had quickly closed the cabin door, and locked it on the outside.

Like a flash of lightning all the horrors of my position instantly flashed before me. I was a prisoner in the sinking ship! Uttering a loud shout of fury, I sprang forward; the cry was echoed by a laugh from Jacob Kiel. I heard him say, "Who will marry May Brodstone now?" and then his feet went rapidly up the stairs.

I called aloud for help; the uproar of the storm drowned my voice. I paused. Just then the wind lulled, and I heard an order to push off; the speaker was Jacob Kiel. I again shouted in my agony; but my voice and the wind rose together—I was not heard. I continued to shout like a madman, though I knew that all hope was gone—that I was alone, like a trapped rat, in the sinking ship.

Furiously I beat the door, all the while painfully conscious that rescue was impossible and death certain, for it was night, and, as no doubt the storm would separate the boats, my absence would not be discovered until the vessel had foundered.

Could I expect aught else, when in the occasional lull of the hurricane I heard the rush of the deadly waters in the hold, and felt the ship lurch more heavily each moment as she plunged in the trough of the sea? Suddenly she gave a terrific heel over, and a wave came rattling down the companion ladder like thunder, rushed under the door and inundated the cabin.

I shrieked in agony, believing that all was over—that I was to die thus, not even with the chance of battling for life.

I felt that I could meet death calmly if I were on deck, with the heavens above me; but my very hair stirred at the thought of being buried in the sea as it were in a box. Was there really no way of escape? I looked round and gave a great cry of joy, then leaped forward, careless now that the water mounted higher and higher.

"Fool! Idiot!" I exclaimed. "Why did you not think of it before? You are your own murderer!"

My eyes had rested upon my revolver. In a second I had fired two of its barrels into the lock of the door, shivering it to atoms, and the next minute I was upon the deck—only just in time, for the vessel was settling fast. It would have settled long before, but that the storm had abated.

With a wild hope I looked for the boats. Near or far all was alike—darkness hid the waters. But, having succeeded so far, I resolved not to despair. One by one I discharged the remaining barrels of my revolver, and then plunged into the sea, to swim as far as I could from the ship before it sank, hoping that I should find some pieces of wreck. I did so before I had proceeded far—a mast, with cordage attached. This helped me; for, after lashing myself to the mast as well as I could, the waves bore me away. Suddenly, however, a fearful rush of water seized me. I was drawn rapidly back, and then down as in a whirlpool—flung, it seemed, here, there, and everywhere—after which I remembered no more. When I came to, I was in one of the boats, with May Brodstone leaning over me.

It appeared that directly morning dawned the boats were called together, and the Captain went over the names, when mine was found missing; upon which he had resolved to row back, and see if he could not find me, urged thereto by many of his companions, who wondered—as did not Jacob Kiel—what could have prevented my getting into one of the boats.

The sea was nearly calm, the sun shining, and their search was not difficult. They soon perceived a dark object. Approaching it, they found it to be myself, clinging like grim death to the wreck, but laughing and yelling like a maniac. In fact I was mad, and for some time after they had managed to get me into the boat I remained so; then I became calmer, though I was delirious for a whole day and night.

Directly sensibility returned I told my story, filling every one with horror, especially May Brodstone.

"I see it all!" exclaimed the Captain. "The villain! Last night our boat separated in the darkness; this morning the one bearing Jacob Kiel and the worst of the crew was missing. He has either steered the boat into a different track, or paid the fellows to desert us, fearful of the punishment that might have awaited him when we touched land."

Whether this was so I do not know, for we never heard of Jacob Kiel again.

That day we were picked up by one of Green's ships, homeward bound, and in due time were landed in England, where May and I were married, and where we now reside; for my wife will not hear of crossing the ocean again, as she cannot forget—that most terrible moment of my life.

CONSCIENCE MAKE COWARDS.—An amusing story has just been published by a contemporary, concerning an incident which occurred not long ago in one of the mountain counties of Northern Georgia.

It should be premised that the State of Georgia has a very stringent law forbidding its citizens to carry pistols upon pain of forfeiting the weapon, and paying a fine of fifty dollars, or being imprisoned for thirty days. Shortly after the passage of this enactment, Judge Lester was holding court in a little town, when suddenly he suspended the trial of a cause by ordering the sheriff to lock the doors of the court-house, so that no one could make his egress from it.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, when the doors were closed, "I have just seen a pistol on a man in this room, and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty as a peace officer to let such a violation of the law pass unnoticed. I ought perhaps to go before the grand jury and indict him; but, if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and a fine of one dollar down here, I will let him off this time."

The judge paused; and an attorney, sitting just before him, got up, slipped his hand into a hip pocket, drew out a neat ivory-handled six-shooter, and laid it and a dollar down upon the stand.

"This is all right," said the Judge; "but you are not the man that I saw with the pistol."

Upon this another attorney rose and laid down a Colt's revolver and a dollar bill before the judge, who repeated his former observation.

The process went on, until nineteen pistols of all kinds and sizes and shapes lay upon the stand, together with nineteen dollars by their side.

The judge laughed as he complimented the nineteen delinquents upon being men of business, but added that the man whom he had seen with the pistol had not yet come up, and, glancing to the far side of the court, he continued, "I will give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he fails I will hand him over to the sheriff."

Immediately two men from the back of the court rose and began to move towards the judge's stand. Once they stopped to look at each other; and then, coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and their dollars. As they turned their backs the judge said, "This man with the black whiskers is the one that I originally saw."

THE Japanese race, the Mikado thinks, is much too small and weak, and he has been cudgeling his brain how to improve the stature and stamina of his countrymen. His Majesty appointed a Parliamentary Commission to study the subject. The Commission has reported to the Mikado that the reason was to be found in the national diet, which is neither nourishing nor flesh-forming. Accordingly, the Japanese Government now recommends that the Japanese should eat meat, instead of the usual fare of fish, rice and vegetables; and the Mikado confidently hopes that his subjects may in time largely increase in strength and stature.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A Johnstown, Penna., Pole made a wager recently that he could drink two quarts of alcohol inside of a quarter of an hour. He had drank one quart and was eating a piece of bologna, when he dropped dead.

A law has been enacted in Ontario forbidding the spraying or sprinkling of fruit trees while they are in bloom with any mixture containing Paris Green or other substances poisonous or injurious to bees. The object of the legislation is to protect the bees from harm, the honey from possible taint of poisoning, and to avoid possible obstacles to the complete fertilization of the fruit.

Negroes and whites are allowed to intermarry in 23 States and Territories. They are all Northern States but one—Louisiana. They are as follows: Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. In all the other States such marriages are absolutely void.

Lewis King, of Palmyra, Illinois, and Miss Nellie Ridgeway, of Janesville, Wisconsin, recently intended to elope. After they had arranged all the necessary preparations the father of the bride learned of the proposed elopement, and, instead of objecting, he immediately went to the father of King and procured his consent to the marriage. He then informed the would-be elopers, had the ceremony solemnized, gave them a handsome present and his blessing, and sent them on their "honey-moon."

Ex-President Hayes did not carry a watch, the reason for which peculiarity illustrates one of the traits of his character. It appears that in his younger days the watch he then carried was the cause of sending two men to the penitentiary. It was stolen from his pocket; the thief was captured, tried, convicted, and sentenced to a term of years. Mr. Hayes recovered his watch, and a second time it was stolen. The thief turned out to be a poor man with a large family, and after he was sent to the penitentiary Mr. Hayes came to the conclusion that he would get rid of the cause of so much trouble to his fellow men. Since then he never owned a watch.

A young woman was saved in an almost "miraculous" manner the other day, from almost certain death. She was walking through a mill at Lewiston, Me., when her hair fell down in front of a piece of heavy machinery and the ends of the hair caught in some slowly revolving cog-wheels. The woman screamed, but did not have the presence of mind to break away at once, before more strands of hair were caught and dragged in. She stood there almost motionless, screaming, while her head was drawn nearer and nearer to the fatal wheels. Presently her cries attracted the attention of a man, who rushed to her assistance, and severed her hair with a knife just as her head was approaching the wheels.

A pair of trousers is reported to have been lost in the ocean current in the Bering Sea, and afterward to have been found in the ocean off the coast of Greenland. It is inferred that the trousers passed around the northern end of the American continent, and many explorers believe that this is proof that the North Pole may yet be reached, because a man can go where his breeches can go. It was long ago claimed as positively known that a whale had traveled past the pole, as a harpoon lodged in him in one ocean was found in the other. Both the whale and the trousers may be held to have proven the existence of an Arctic Sea passage round the American continent, but they by no means prove that the journey will ever be accomplished by man, either in a ship or in trousers.

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Our Young Folks.

DEARLY LEARNED.

BY A. L.

ONCE upon a time—that is the proper way to begin a story, is it not?—a little lonely boy stood on the deck of a steamer in the London Docks. The vessel had come from India with many passengers, and the little boy, clinging to his nurse's hand, felt lost in the crowd. By-and-by, as the people cleared away, he saw a group of three people who attracted his attention.

There was a tall gentleman, who seemed rather fussy, and was always getting short answers from the officers on duty, and there was a little lady with a kind face, who reminded him of his mother, and, last of all, a sweet little girl, with very blue eyes and very fair hair, and a bright face rippling with smiles.

Tom stood staring at her with wide open eyes, when, all on a sudden, she gave a great jump of delight, and exclaimed in a silvery voice—

"Why, that is Cousin Tom!"

"My dear Mary," said her mother, "your father has been asking everyone—you must not be disappointed—I am afraid little Tom has not come: that little boy cannot be he."

But Tom felt quite certain he was found at last; so he let go his nurse's hand and stalked across the deck.

"Yes, I'm Tom," he said.

And that was the first time he and Mary met. Now, I am not going to tell you all about Tom and Mary, because it would take up too much time and space, but only about one sad thing that happened to them, and I think you will say, as I do, that Mary's trouble was the harder to bear.

Mary was an only child, and she was a little spoilt. At first she was very happy with Tom, and they played a good deal, but poor little Tom was not very happy, and he could not play as long as Mary did, so when he was tired he used to sit crouched up on a chair with his eyes shut, and ask Mary to read to him.

He said the sun hurt his eyes, but Mary did not believe him, and she disliked reading and wanted to play; and I am sorry to say that she used to speak crossly to him, and called him a goose and a cry-baby—she told him she would read when she wanted to, and not a moment before; and one day she said a dreadful thing.

She said she wished he had never come to stay with her and to spoil her games, and she knew her mother was growing to love him best, and she quite disliked him.

She was sorry directly she had uttered the words, for she was not a bad little girl, only thoughtless and selfish, and she wished Tom would slap her, and give her some reason to be angry.

It really seemed very aggravating of him to clamber up on to his chair with that great sigh, sit crouched up, with his eyes shut, playing tunes on the comb.

Mary felt so cross that she did not care even to play, so she went into her bedroom, and banged the door, and sat down to have a sulk. But a little voice kept squeaking in her ears, and it said—

"Poor Tom! Poor Tom!"

"I don't believe his eyes hurt a bit," said Mary to her best doll.

"You might read him the story about the pirate," said the voice again.

"Not now," said Mary uneasily. "I'm tired now, but I'll read it to him to-morrow."

"To-morrow may be too late," said the voice.

"Why, he's not going to die before to-morrow," said Mary very loudly, so as to drown the voice.

But the voice was silent, and remained so. Next morning Tom did not come down to breakfast, and Mary's mother was a little late.

"I am anxious about Tom," she said, as she sat down. "He is not feeling well, and he complains of his eyes."

"Oh, his eyes always hurt," said Mary eagerly.

"My dear child, has he said so to you? he never told me, and this morning it seems he cannot see at all! The result of India, I suppose."

"I will go up and read to him now," said Mary, swallowing her bread-and-butter in hasty mouthfuls.

"No, dear, not now," said her mother. "I have sent for the doctor, and till he comes Tom had better be quiet. Besides, my little girl, you have your lessons and your work. I shall have to do the reading."

"But I want to," said Mary, with great tears in her eyes.

"Well, some day, perhaps; we must wait and see."

Mary felt as if the bread-and-butter would choke her. She sat still, squeezing her hands together under the table, whilst her father and mother talked about things she could not understand.

She wanted to tell somebody, and be forgiven. She wanted to cry and put her arms round Tom's neck. She wanted to say out loud, "He asked me to read, and I never would!" She wanted to make up, and it was too late!

She had to go through the long morning of lessons, and work, and play—to sit pale and silent at lunch without mother, who was taking care of Tom. In the afternoon nurse was to take her for a walk, but when she thought of that she could not bear it any longer, and, to her father's surprise, she burst into tears.

"I cannot go out," she said desperately; "if I may not go and see Tom, I shall die!"

"My dear Mary!" her father had risen with a startled look on his face, "what do you mean? Of course you may go and see Tom, poor little fellow! but you must not make much noise—the doctor says the quieter he is kept the better. He has inflammation of the eyes."

"Is he blind, father?"

"Oh dear no! I hope not—but he will not see well for a long time."

"May I go, father?"

"Certainly: poor little soft-hearted girl!"

"Oh, don't, father, don't!"

Upstairs—upstairs—creeping on tip-toe, softly past the nursery—past Tom's old room, down the visitors' passage, to the best bedroom.

Tom must be very ill to be in the green room—a sort of fairy dwelling to Mary. She waited at the door, and put her ear to the key-hole listening, but there was no sound, so with a desperate courage she turned the handle and went in.

It was very dark, and she had to grope her way, but in the dusky light she could see Tom sitting in a great arm-chair, with a bandage round his head, and his little face resting on his hand.

In a minute Mary had crossed the room, and flung her arms round his neck.

"I have come to read to you, Tom," she said, with sobbing breaths;

"Oh, Polly dear! how kind!" said Tom.

"I will read to you all day and all night," said Mary, still sobbing.

"What! in the dark, Poll?" he said.

He lifted his face—his little white face—and no longer.

"I am to be in the dark for six weeks, but never mind about reading. It's too late for that. We'll talk and have a jolly time. I'm to have no lessons. My eyes don't hurt half so much now there is nothing to see."

But Mary only heard those two words "Too late!" Tom was laughing—actually laughing—he did not seem to mind a bit, but to Mary it was tragic! His eyes had been going blind, and he had asked her to read to him, and she never would! Now it was too late!

Yes, they could talk, and laugh, and play, of course—she loved Tom more than ever, and be all his little world to him, but the one thing he had most wanted her to do must be left undone for ever!

HOW TO WOO.

Men's ways of wooing are wonderfully diverse. Women have been stolen, according to a distinguished authority, wherever exogamy has prevailed. The Hudson's Bay Indian finds wrestling to be the most successful form of courtship; a native of Sydney knocks a woman on the head and drags her by one arm through the woods to her future home.

The barbarity of this method of wooing gave way to bargain and sale, as in Sumatra, or to services rendered as among the hill tribes of Nepaul. These last-mentioned peoples seemed to have modelled their love-making on the pattern of the Hebrew Patriarch Jacob in the case of the daughters of Laban. In our own country a service rendered is a common means of courtship in fiction, and a bargain and sale is equally common in fact. Wrestling—on the village green—has probably won many a fair rustic maiden, running away with a lady is still a form of petty larceny, but knocking her on the head is not now among us considered one of those "particular regards and delicate attentions" which, as our guide book of the page tendre expresses it, "portend the offer of the heart." The nature of these particular regards and delicate attentions is, after the custom of that guide book, left disappointingly in doubt. The difficulty of interpreting them is enhanced by a subsequent admonition that to indulge in any public demonstration of partiality is not only undignified, but indecent.

Strange examples of wooing are afforded by Fuller and Whitefield. George Whitefield wrote to the parents of the girl he preferred:—"This letter comes like Abraham's servant to the relations of Rebecca to know whether your daughter be a fit and proper person for myself. Do not be afraid of sending me a refusal, for, I bless God, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love."

The girl herself he wooed by asking her if she could trust in Him who feeds the ravens, and whether, having a husband, she could be in all respects as though she had none.

Certainly Whitefield, if any man, followed the advice of the Etiquette of Courtship—"be discreet in your raptures, and prepare with all diligence and dignity for the change that awaits you." This notwithstanding, his marriage, according to Southey, was not a happy one; and Cornelius Winter, an inmate of Whitefield's house, says his wife's death set his mind much at liberty.

His text for her funeral sermon, which he preached with exemplary promptitude four days after her death, was, "For the creature was made subject to vanity."

Fuller is said to have been guided in his wooing by his observation of a feminine treatment of cheese. His mind was divided this way and that between three sisters.

He invited the trio to a substantial but homely repast. The eldest he noticed cut the rind off her cheese, the second eat it rind and all, but the third scraped her morsel. The last, who was also the youngest, he made his wife.

Thus the suitor may avoid by a judicious scrutiny that subsequent sinking of heart which results from the bitter experience of an union of bodies but not of souls.

Conduct, says another authority, the object of your affections to a book-stall. If, when asked to make her choice of books, she takes up a copy of Punch in preference to the "Pathway of Safety," it will be advisable to look back before you put your hand to the marriage plough.

It was a review of the conduct of certain lovers which induced in Puck the exclamation, "Lord, what fools these mortals be."

Love has been said to act as an inspiration. Dryden's story of Cymon and Iphigenia is well known. But the public is disposed to declare that instead of giving a man sense it takes away from him whatever of that quality he may possess.

"What a fool," says Brown, "is Jones making of himself about that Miss Robinson." But Brown has been bitten by Miss Smith, and all the while Jones is saying or thinking very much the same matter about Brown.

HOW AN INSECT BREATHES.—If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small, spot-like marks run along either side of the body.

These apparent spots, which are generally eighteen or twenty in number, are, in fact, the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance.

Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff interlacing bristles, forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass.

But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to inject the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid and then placed beneath the receiver of an air pump.

A waiter in an English restaurant pays in to the proprietor at the beginning of his day's work from two to five pounds—enough to cover the value of the orders he is likely to receive during the day. In return the proprietor gives him checks. As the waiter receives the food from the kitchen he turns in checks to the value of it. If the customer pays his bill the waiter pockets the cash until the final settlement at night, but if the customer leaves without paying the waiter is out of pocket.

SYMPATHETIC CITIZEN—"I suppose, my dear man, you spend your whole time climbing up that ladder?" Murphy—"Oi don't think; for Oi spend half of it climbin' down!"

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

It is estimated that only one person in 1000 dies of old age.

There are said to be 512,500 telephones in this country.

Seven new planets, all small, were discovered during January last.

A Maryland canning factory put up 4,000,000 cans of corn last season.

The militia of the United States number a little more than 119,000 men.

England receives annually from Ireland, it is estimated, about 600,000,000 eggs.

In the South an average mule is worth $70, and a pair of good ones will bring $300 or more.

Ansonia, Conn., is to have a sidewalk made of imperfect pins and pin scraps rusted together.

A man at Maple Grove, Michigan, tried to sell a horse for 10 cents the other day and failed.

Fifty-six children are said to have lost their lives in New York city, during 1891, in folding beds.

It is reported in Europe that the Czar of Russia intends to assume the title of Emperor of Asia.

Twenty-two boy pupils of a school at Milton, Oregon, were recently expelled for smoking cigarettes.

Hard coal loses 8 per cent. in bulk per annum when exposed to the weather. Soft coal loses 12 per cent.

For selling his vote a resident of Wolfe county, Kentucky, was sentenced to disfranchisement for life.

Bees never store honey in the daytime. Honey thus exposed to the light granulates, and is useless to the bees.

A sign displayed before a matrimonial agency in Kansas City reads as follows: Old bachelors and old maids a specialty.

It is stated that a new pharmaceutical bottle has been invented which indicates the hour at which the medicine is to be taken.

According to the annual report of the New York State Superintendent of Instruction there are 41 log school houses in that State.

A farm near East Bend, North Carolina, has been occupied by seven married families during the last 75 years, it is said, yet during that lengthy period no children have been born to any of the couples.

The graves of colored people in the far South are sometimes curiously garnished with bottles of medicine used by the departed in their final illness; and the duration of the illness may be guessed by the number of bottles.

Says a noted expert in handwriting: When two signatures purporting to have been written by the same person are exactly alike it is safe to conclude that one of them is a forgery. No man does, or can, write his signature twice exactly alike.

A number of vagabonds are said to make a living in New York by following express wagons around the city, on the alert to steal packages while the expressman is in a house doing business, or when packages drop from the wagon, as quite frequently happens.

A resident of Mobile, Alabama, has a strong affection for a pet cat. The animal is said to be 27 years old, has no teeth, and is also blind. The owner cares for it as attentively as though the cat were a child, feeding it constantly on raw oysters, of which the cat seems very fond.

The average 18-year-old boy now has a much greater variety of information than men aged three-score-and-ten had 100 years ago; and man with salaries of $1200 a year can secure more advantages and luxuries than kings could 1000 years ago by the expenditure of millions.

The old walnut bedstead on which Lincoln was laid after Booth shot him, together with the mattresses of the bed, have come into possession of a Chicago relic-hunter. Even the gas jet that protruded from the wall above the bed has been secured by this same collector.

The will of the late Duke of Marlborough contains the following characteristic clause: "I particularly dislike the exclusiveness of family pride, and desire not to be buried in the family vault at Blenheim, but in such convenient place as others of my generation and surroundings may equally use."

A great many of the finest foreign oaks in this country are said to be planted in Delaware. A large Spanish oak, eight feet in diameter at the base, was recently cut down near Georgetown, that State, and from this giant was squared a stick of timber 60 feet long and two feet square from end to end.

One of the quecrest railroads on this continent is the Salisbury and Havey, in New Brunswick. It is but 20 miles long, and, although it connects with the Intercolonial road, an admirably constructed line, it is confessedly unsafe. A printed notice hung up in the cars cautions passengers that it would be well to get out and walk on reaching a certain bridge, and it was long the custom to push the cars over this bridge by hand before trusting the heavy locomotives on the structure.

TO ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

BY W. W. LONG.

Laugh not at idols overthrown,
But gather up each token
Of all the bright and happy past,
Ere vows of love were broken.

Mock not at the happy dreams,
The dreams that could not be;
But lay them tenderly away,
Amid the treasures of fond memory.

MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

Although in very early times a husband had to resort to violence to obtain a wife, we find that when these nations had settled down into comparative civilization, it became part of the ceremony of marriage that there should be a show of capture on the husband's part.

In Rome and Sparta, among the lower classes, when a marriage was arranged, the bride sat confidingly on her mother's lap, and was not at all surprised when her husband came accompanied by his friends to complete his part of the contract by tearing her away from her mother's fond embraces.

Records show that violence or capture was a necessary feature of a marriage in nearly every land at one time or another, and even at the present day among many races the custom is preserved in a modified form.

An interesting instance of recent times is given of Khonds. All the preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, each family contributes something towards adorning the feast which is prepared at the bride's dwelling. The feast is succeeded by dancing and singing well into the night, until it is time for the real business to commence.

An uncle of the bride takes her on his shoulders, and an uncle of the bridegroom does the same for him while the dance is at its height.

Suddenly they exchange their burdens; and the uncle of the bridegroom disappears with the bride, hotly pursued by her female friends, who are kept at bay by the comrades of the bridegroom striving their utmost to keep them off and cover her flight.

She is wrapped in a scarlet cloak; while the young women even go so far as to hurl stones and bamboos at the devoted bridegroom until he has escaped with his bride to the verge of the village. Then the ceremony is complete, and he is allowed to conduct his hard-won spouse to his abode without further molestation.

It has been suggested that in the hurling of the stones we can trace the origin of the throwing of old slippers after the wedded couples of our own land; but it seems a long way to go to Kondistan to derive the origin of the amusing custom over which so much skill is sometimes exercised to ensure the slipper keeping company with them on their honeymoon.

Among the Kalmucks we have a slight variation of the programme. It seems that the man who wants to marry any particular girl has to win her by the fleetness of his horses. She is mounted on horseback, and gallops off as fast as she can go. He follows; and if he can catch her she is his wife, and has to return to his tent with him.

We are told that there has never been an instance where she has been caught if she has no desire to become his wife; but it would seem from this, that after he has paid her parents the price they agreed upon, she has no option but to avoid the marriage by a successful flight.

It is not unknown to many that until quite recently a similar custom prevailed in Wales. The bridegroom having won the damsel's heart, appeared with all his friends mounted, at her door on the wedding morn and demanded her from her parents. The bride's friends, likewise on horseback, refused to give her up; upon which a scuffle ensued.

She was suddenly mounted behind her nearest kinsman and carried off, pursued by the bridegroom and the whole body of friends, who with loud shouts and much laughter gallop after her.

It was not uncommon to see two or three hundred people riding along at full speed, crossing in front, and jostling one another, to the delighted amusement of the onlookers. When they and their horses were thoroughly exhausted, the bridegroom was allowed to overtake the bride, carry her away in triumph, the whole party finishing the day with feasting and festivity.

Sir Henry Piers gave an account of a similar kind of ceremony in the wilds of Ireland, where the interested parties met somewhere between the two dwellings to discuss the matter and make arrangements.

If an agreement was concluded, the agreement bottle was drunk, and then the bride's father sent round to all his neighbors and friends to collect the wife's portion, to which every one gave a cow or heifer. These the husband had to restore to their respective donors if the bride died childless within a certain time.

On the day of bringing home, the bridegroom and his friends rode out to meet the bride and her friends at the place of meeting. Being come near each other, the custom was of old to cast short darts at the company attending the bride, but at such a distance that seldom any hurt ensued, although we do hear that on one such occasion a noble lord lost an eye, which must have gone far to sound the knell of this quaint old custom.

Another curious instance affording evidence of ancient capture occurs in a certain Arab tribe. The betrothal takes place apparently in a similar manner to that of young English people of the nineteenth century; but the marriage is only rendered complete by the husband bringing a lamb in his arms to the tent of the girl's father and there cutting its throat before witnesses. As soon as the blood falls to the ground the marriage is complete, and he retires to his tent to await his lady.

A game of hide-and-seek is played by the girl and by the people of the village, who pursue her as she runs from tent to tent. At last she is caught, and led off in triumph by some of the women to her lover, who, taking possession of her, forces her into his tent.

Grains of Gold.

Love hopes always because it believes always.

Much-doing is not so important as well-doing.

Ornamental characters are full of weak spots.

A man with a bad liver very often has a good heart.

How easy it is to admire people who agree with us.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

If the tongue could kill not many would live to old age.

It is hard to agree with a man who quarrels with himself.

It is of no use turning back after you get more than half-way.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

The easiest thing for a loafer to do is to find fault with busy people.

It never pays to send boys into the street to secure quiet in the parlor.

The shadow of a misfortune will generally frighten us more than the disaster itself.

If we knew how much our enemies have suffered it would no doubt make us more forgiving.

The religion that is noisy in church is sometimes very quiet in other places where it is more needed.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.

Timidity creates cowards and never wins success. It is strong and abiding faith in one's own nobility to perform which overcomes difficulties that others think cannot be surmounted.

Femininities.

At a banquet it is generally the lion of the hour who sets the table in a roar.

Dinners given by women to women exclusively are the social fad of the hour.

Oddly enough, it is the conversation with no point to it that bores the quickest.

Why is the letter "a" the best remedy for a deaf woman?—Because it makes her hear.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hugo, of New Haven, Connecticut, have been married for 60 years.

There will be race troubles in this country just as long as man bets on the wrong horse.

The reason few women stutter is because they have no time to waste when they are talking.

She: "You are a failure, John. You have never had any luck." He: "Yes, once; I was born single."

New and expensive fancy umbrellas for the fair sex have the handles heavily incrusted with rhinestones.

"Everybody else stopped my paper, so I concluded to stop it, too," is the way a Texas editor explained his suspension.

Queen Victoria will send to the Chicago Fair a water-color portrait of Spot, her favorite fox-terrier, which she painted herself.

A little daughter born to the wife of Mr. Eli Ender, of Kokomo, Indiana, weighed, it is said, but 19 ounces at the time of her birth.

"Oh, I know all about babies," said he to the young mother, who was afraid he would let her little one fall; "I was one myself once!"

A new stationery, designed expressly for out-of-town life, has a ragged edge with the name of the country place engraved in rustic letters.

Fresh: "Didn't your wife inherit something from her mother?" Stuck: "Yes, a good deal." "What was the nature of it?" "Mostly temper."

A French merchant, the victim of several defaulting cashiers, recently advertised for "a cashier as honest as possible and paralysed in both legs."

"I don't believe that girl will ever learn to waltz," said a young man. "Worse than that," was the reply; "she will never learn not to attempt it."

The girl of the period wears a different ring for each month, and each ring carries the stone that is particularly significant of the respective month, and is worn for luck.

Voice from hallway: "Mary, what are you doing out there?" Mary: "I am looking at the moon." "Well, tell the moon to go home, and you come into the house. It's half-past eleven."

Her father: "I would like to understand clearly your motive in paying so much attention to my daughter?" Her would-be: "Business, sir; business. Not pleasure. I wish to marry her."

Ohio's capital rejoices in the possession of the only fourfold string quartette in the world played by women. Four first violins, four second violins, four violas and four 'cellos complete the ensemble.

Whether it would be better to live with a slovenly, good-natured wife or a tidy scolding wife, was the question debated in a Washington, Pa., lyceum. The question was carried in favor of the slack woman.

Mrs. Gumley, reading: "A European scientist has been listening to the voice of a fly through a microscope. He says it sounds very much like the neighing of a horse." Mr. Gumley: "Perhaps it was a horse-fly."

A young lady admitted to her mother that her beau had kissed her on the cheek. "And what did you do?" asked the old lady, in a tone of indignation. "Mother, I cannot tell an untruth. I turned the other cheek."

A little boy, running, struck his toe and fell upon the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow," said a bystander; "you won't feel the pain to-morrow." "Then," answered the boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

"And this," said the lady, as she showed her visitor through the conservatory, "this is a cigar plant." "Cigar plant!" exclaimed the visitor. "I did not know the cigar was a plant—I thought it was a weed!"

He: "If you did not love me, why did you encourage me?" She: "I? Encourage you?" He: "For two seasons you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theatre, etc." She: "That was not because I loved you, it was because I loved the theatre."

Traveling up Fifth avenue, New York, a few days ago, was a woman dressed in deep mourning. With her was a beautiful greyhound with long streamers of black ribbon attached to his collar. If the woman was in mourning for her husband he must have had hard work to conceal a smile as he gazed down on the ludicrous picture of this canine, decked out in yards of black ribbon.

Masculinities.

Purposing without performing is mere fooling.

No jewelry should be worn with a dress suit.

Asbestos is utilized for making paper lamp shades.

The chrysophrase is the fashionable gem. It is agate.

Some men tire themselves almost to death looking for an easy place.

The man who is ruled by his feelings will always travel in a zig-zag course.

James Bailey, the circus manager, began by selling apples and peanuts at a show.

She: "Have you an eye for the beautiful?" He: "Yes; that is why I'm here to-night."

A Baltimore man is suing a young woman of that town for possession of his love letters.

If a man did not glory in his own wickedness he would accuse the devil of being a woman.

Mrs. Marcella O'Rourke died at Toronto, Ontario, a few days ago, at the great age of 105 years.

A St. Louis woman has applied for a patent to cover the processes of making sweet potato flour.

A farmer who lives near Lamar, Missouri, has a beard which he claims measures seven feet in length.

This is a great country. A smoker can make a nuisance of himself on a street car platform for a nickel.

John Creech, of Madison county, Arkansas, who is yet in his teens, is reputed to stand 6 feet 11 inches in height.

A Miss Schaffer, of Beaver Crossing, Nebraska, is 15 years old, stands 6 feet 3 inches in height, and weighs 250 pounds.

A Texan recently applied for a divorce on the ground that he is in poor health and his wife is unable to support him.

Eighty-one and seventy-nine years were the respective ages of a recently married bride and groom at Arthur, Indiana.

"Do you believe man is made of dust, Mr. Snip?" "Not all of them," said the tailor. "Dust always settles, and I know men who do not."

"What's all the trouble upstairs?" "Nothing much. It's the lion-tamer's wife giving her husband a thrashing for staying out so late."

The colored congregation of a Florida church has withdrawn its support because the pastor, it is claimed, beats his wife regularly before services.

Irate German, to stranger who has stepped on his toe: "Mein frent, I know mien feet vas meant to be valked on, but dot brivilege belongs to me."

A man is reported to have committed suicide at Saratoga, New York, a short time ago, because the train he went to the station to catch was an hour late.

"I feel constrained to tell you, Fred, that I have been engaged before this," she whispered. "Don't mention it," said Fred, gently; "I too have been jilted."

"Is your son doing well in business?" "Yes, indeed. He changes his position every week, because he says he knows all about it and wants to learn a new branch."

Small son: "Dot suit fit dot man awful tight." Dealer: "It vas a tight vit, mein son." "Vy did you sell it so cheap, fodder?" "Cos I couldn't get it off mitout tearing it."

Mrs. Ray: "Would your husband leave you very much if he were to die?" Mrs. Day: "Not very much more than now. He leaves me six nights out of the week as it is!"

The young melodramist, telling the story of his play to the manager, said: "As the robbers crawl in at the window the clock strikes one." Manager: "Good! Which one?"

"Your friend, Mr. Barlow, isn't a very civil man. He was positively rude to me last night!" said Maude. "That's Henry's great fault," said Ethel. "He has very little respect for age."

A workman who sued a Wilmington carriage manufacturer for the loss of three fingers in a planing machine, also lost his case, as it was shown that he was looking at three girls at the time of the accident.

Father: "But you have no means and no prospects. If I give my daughter to you, what is to become of her?" Suitor: "Well, sir, you are a wealthy man and you are surely not going to see your daughter starve."

While a young Texas woman was traveling to Houston to meet her lover, a few days ago, she jumped from a train, which was going at full speed, in order to evade her irate father, who was on board. She only sustained slight injuries.

The birth notice of what is said to be the first Dutch baby born in the San Luis Valley recently appeared in a paper published at Alamosa, Col. The notice was written by a Dane, set up by a Mormon printer, the proof was read by an American, the type was placed in the form by a German and a Mexican printed the paper.

AMONG THE SIOUX INDIANS.

The Sioux nation of Indians has recently attracted much attention because of a law enacted by the Senate and Congress authorizing a treaty with that nation which provides for the relinquishment by the Indians of a large proportion of that section of Western Dakota known as the Big Sioux Reservation.

It is not necessary here to enter into the details of the Act; but it is one which has for a long time past claimed the attention of the entire population of the United States, because it not only opens up to actual settlement a large area of agricultural land, but it gives certain lines of railway a chance to build across a section of country for which they have been waiting since the early settlement of the Black Hills and the cattle-ranges of Wyoming and Montana.

It is also calculated to encourage the Indians in becoming civilized, for it provides that each individual Indian shall select one hundred and sixty acres of land on which to make his permanent home; the object, of course, being to eventually render these wards of the Government self-sustaining, instead of being, as they are at present, entirely supported by the Government.

This action by the United States Government has revived many recollections by frontiersmen of the old days, when it was freely admitted by those best entitled to judge that no Indian could be good until he was dead. But those days are gone, never to return, for the reason that the large game which used to roam over the prairies and mountains of the West have been killed off to such an extent that Indians on the war-path would be unable to find enough wild meat to feed themselves with.

Take away their sustenance, and you take with it the bravery and desire of the Indian to make war. The buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, and mountain sheep, which used to roam in immense herds over these prairies and mountains, are killed off, and the Indian is tamed, but not civilized.

A visit to any of the Indian Agencies at the time of issuing beef-rations from the slaughter-house would convince any one of this fact, for the visitor would to-day see the squaws fighting over the entrails just drawn hot and bloody from the bodies of the dead cattle, and feasting on them in a raw state, uncleansed by water.

Such reminiscences as the massacre in Minnesota in 1863, when a Sioux chief, Little Crow, and band of warriors passed over a section of that State leaving death and desolation in their wake, are recalled to mind. This same old chief has doubtless long ere this been called to the happy hunting-grounds, for when I saw him in 1877 he was very old and infirm.

It is a notable fact, too, that the places of the old fighting chiefs, of which this nation possessed a large number only a few years since, have never been filled, which bears out my assertion that with the departure of wild-game the warlike spirit of the Indians has become tamed.

But there were chiefs only a few short years ago since whom nothing but death could conquer—of such mettle were Crazy Horse and Spotted Tail. The deeds of these two, both in battle and hunting-fields, are still recounted by the old Indians, who cannot forget, and still delight in the prowess of such men. The deaths of both of these were violent, as their lives had been.

The former—who took a very active part in the campaign of 1870, which resulted in the death of General Custer and three hundred and fifty-five members of the Seventh Cavalry, the flower and pride of the American army, and who was never captured on the war-path, but was compelled by the rigors of winter and lack of sustenance for his band of warriors and their ponies to surrender in the early spring of 1877—was killed, a couple of years later, in the guard-house at old Red Cloud Agency, or Fort Robinson, in North-western Nebraska.

Spotted Tail, the other chief to whom I referred, ranked as one of the highest in the nation, dividing honors with Red Cloud, who has for many years been recognized by the Government as the chief of the Sioux nation.

Spotted Tail's band of followers was the most numerous, and, except Sitting Bull's, the most turbulent of all the Sioux tribes. But he possessed more diplomacy than either Crazy Horse or Sitting Bull, and refrained from taking any active part in the Custer massacre, the principal reasons doubtless being his advanced age and the loss of prestige that would ensue with the Government, which had for several years catered to both himself and Red Cloud by building houses for them at the Agencies.

WHY is it that people use Salvation Oil? Answer: Because it is the best liniment.

How to Get a $55 Sewing Machine Free!

IMPROVED

HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER.

Never Gets out of Order.

Almost Noiseless.

Highly Ornamented Head Drop-leaf Table with Gothic Cover, Case of Two Drawers and Centre Drawer.

The manufacturers claim for the improved HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER that it is the best machine built. Many years of experience and abundant facilities for the manufacture of Sewing Machines enable us to present a machine that is superior to any in the market.

It has been improved and simplified in all its details, by the best mechanical talent in America, who, with unlimited resources at their command, have combined only that which is practicable, and dispensed with all complicated surroundings generally found in other machines.

It is the SIMPLEST MACHINE, having the FEWEST PARTS, all STRONG, and with CASE HARDENED BEARINGS. Being free from complication, it is easily cared for, never gets out of order, and is always ready for use. The most inexperienced can readily manage it. It has all the modern appliances and conveniences that go to make it the best.

THE IMPROVED HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER uses a Straight Self-Setting Needle, and makes the double thread "Lock-Stitch." It is the perfection of mechanism for

Hemming, Felling, Binding,
Cording, Braiding, Seaming,
Tucking, Ruffling, Gathering,
Embroidering, Quilting, &c.

It is adapted to every variety of sewing, from the lightest muslin to the heaviest cloth, and will do a greater range of work than any other machine.

A SPRING TENSION SHUTTLE.

It has a PERFECT STEEL SHUTTLE, open at one end, allowing the bobbin to be inserted without displacing any of the parts, the bobbin holds more thread than that of any other machine, and runs loose in the shell without spring centres or point bearings, thus insuring an even tension.

The SHUTTLE "is a marvel of simplicity."

The NEEDLE is SELF-SETTING and requires no mark or screw-driver and the attachments are quickly and easily placed and fastened.

THE DOUBLE FEED

extends on both sides of the needle and permits a greater variety of work than any other. It has great power, and never fails to perform its duty—will feed the lightest and heaviest goods with equal precision, and will cross seams and hard places without changing length of stitch or missing stitch.

LIGHT RUNNING.

On account of the simple mechanical devices employed in its construction the HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER runs lighter and with greater speed than any other machine, and is almost noiseless.

It is the simplest, EASIEST OPERATED, best made, and most elegantly ornamented machine in the world, combining every requisite to produce a perfect machine.

A DEVICE

whereby the bobbin can be wound without running the machine. This saves unnecessary wear of the machine, and the trouble of unthreading and removing work and attachments while the bobbin is being filled.

It is self-threading, both above and below.
It has a Large High Arm.
It is the best finished machine in the world.
It has the best stand—it is the best to buy.
It has the best bobbin winder.

FURNISHED FREE.

The following named accessories are supplied with each machine free: 1 Gauge, 1 Gauge Screw, 1 Oil Can, 6 Bobbins, 1 Instruction Book, 1 Screw driver, 1 Screw driver for shuttle, 1 Hemmer (which is also a Feller), 1 Dozen Needles, 1 Belt and Coupling, 1 Shuttle, 1 Quilter.

Extra Attachments, in Velvet Lined Box, also sent free with each machine.

1 Tucker, 1 Ruffler, with Shirring Plate, 1 Hemmer Set (4 widths) and Binder, 1 Braider (foot and slide), 1 Thread Cutter.

WARRANTY.

The manufacturers not only claim to make the best Sewing Machine in the world, but substantiate their claim by giving a guarantee with each IMPROVED HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER SEWING MACHINE they manufacture, agreeing to duplicate any part that proves defective in FIVE YEARS free of charge [Shuttles, Needles and Bobbins excepted,] thereby proving conclusively our confidence in the IMPROVED HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

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A RIVER OF HOT WATER.—The great Sutro Tunnel, cut to relieve the celebrated Comstock mines at Virginia City, Nevada, of the vast quantities of hot water which are encountered in them, affords an outlet to twelve million tuns every twenty-four hours, or about three billion gallons. Some of the water, as it finds its way into the mines, has a temperature of 136°, while four miles from the mouth of the tunnel the temperature ranges from 130° to 135°. To obviate the inconvenience which would arise from the vapor such a vast quantity of water would give off, the flow is conducted through the entire tunnel, four miles, in a tight flume of pine. At the point of exit the water has lost but seven degrees of heat. Sixty feet below the mouth of the tunnel the hot water is utilized for turning machinery belonging to the company, from whence it is carried off by a tunnel eleven hundred feet in length, which serves as a waterway. Leaving the wasteway tunnel, the water flows to the Carson River, a mile and a half distant. This hot water is being utilized for many purposes. The boys have arranged several pools where they indulge in hot baths. The miners and others use it for laundry purposes, and arrangements are being made whereby a thousand acres belonging to the company are being irrigated. It is proposed to conduct the hot water through iron pipes, beneath the surface of the soil, near the roots of thousands of fruit trees which are to be planted, and in a similar manner give the necessary warmth to a number of hot-houses to be used for the propagation of early fruits and vegetables.

"WHAT'S that noise upstairs?" "Nellie is singing to kill time till her beau comes." "Well, time seems to die hard, doesn't it?"

THE days of colds and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup are at hand. Better buy a bottle.

A RUSSIAN'S WIT.—The cholera is an object of superstitious terror throughout the whole East. Many of the wilder tribes believe it to be a malignant spirit attaching itself to the steps of some man marked by fate for the purpose, who carries destruction wherever he goes, while himself unhurt.

This strange fancy—which probably arises from the fact that the pestilence has more than once crossed Western Asia at a slow and measured rate, as if really attending the daily march of its supposed bearer—has naturally proved fatal to many a foreign traveler, in whom popular superstition had seen the bringer of the curse.

On one occasion however the ready wit of a Russian explorer turned this peril into an actual safeguard. On reaching the first village beyond the Persian border, the inhabitants of which were notorious as brigands, he boldly avowed himself as the bringer of the cholera.

"See," he cried, holding up a small flask, "the cholera spirit is in this flask, and shall remain there so long as you treat me well; but let one of you offend me in any way, and I will let it loose to sweep you all from the face of the earth!"

The terrified Persians, fully believing his assertion, tried to avert the threatened vengeance by studied courtesy, providing him with everything he required, and actually sending several of their number with him as an escort, whose extravagant stories spread the terror of his name so effectually that he was treated with the greatest respect so long as he remained in the country.

FRIEND of Mamma (to little girl)—"Lottie, if you drink so much tea, you will be an old maid." Lottie—"Oh, I don't believe that at all, Mr. Harold. Mamma drinks tea, and she has been married twice, and she isn't an old maid yet."

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand, to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY.

From 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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Be Sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

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FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Cosmopolitan" for March is a perfect gem both for pictures and reading matter. Its depending largely on photographic reproductions for the former gives them a life-like effect that makes them doubly interesting and valuable. Published at New York.

"The Century" for March is up to its high standard. All the matter is excellent, but an article, "A Remarkable Reminiscence of Napoleon," is specially valuable. The illustrations are of the finest style of art. Published at New York.

There is no magazine in the language that can, at its best, more than equal "Wide Awake." Its current issue, from cover to cover, is crowded with entertaining reading and illustrations for younger folks. Published at Boston.

The complete story in the March "Lippincott" is "Waring's Peril," by Capt. King, and the miscellaneous articles by leading writers. Published at Philadelphia.

LEGAL HOLIDAYS. Throughout the United States, January 1st, or New Year's Day, is a legal holiday in all the States except Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and North and South Carolina.

February 22d, or Washington's Birthday, is a legal holiday in all the States but Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Tennessee and Texas.

May 30th, or Decoration Day, is a legal holiday only in Colorado, Connecticut, Maine, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Vermont.

January 8th, the Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans; February 12th, the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln; and March 4th, the Freeman's Anniversary, are legal holidays in Louisiana

July 4th, or Independence Day, is a legal holiday in all the States and Territories.

December 25th, Christmas Day, is a legal holiday in all the States and Territories.

Thanksgiving Day and Public Fast Days, appointed by the President of the United States, are legal holidays. Such days are legal holidays in such States as may set them apart for religious observance by proclamation of the governor.

Days appointed for general elections, State or National, are legal holidays in California, Maine, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, South Carolina and Wisconsin.

Good Friday is a legal holiday in Florida, Louisiana, Minnesota and Pennsylvania.

Shrove Tuesday is a legal holidys in Louisiana and in the cities of Mobile, Montgomery and Selma, Alabama.

Memorial Day (April 26) is a legal holiday in Georgia.

March 2d, the anniversary of the independence of Texas, and April 21st, the anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto, are legal holidays in Texas.

AUSTRALIAN VASTNESS.—It is not easy to grasp the enormous bulk of the Australian continent—the practically unlimited space within which the colonies have room to grow.

The colony of Victoria—the smallest and at the same time the most populous and highly developed of the continental group—is about as large as Great Britain.

New South Wales has an area five times that of England, but is not half so big as Queensland and only a third of the size of South Australia.

Western Australia is even larger and more empty of population; after measuring acres with South Australia it would have almost sufficient land to furnish out New Zealand and Tasmania, and yet New Zealand compares in area with the British Islands, and Tasmania is nearly as large as Scotland.

The acreage under crop in the Australian colonies in 1880 was 6,500,000 acres. That seems a respectable total; yet it seems ridiculously small when we compare with it the illimitable extent of land yet lying waste.

To take the case of New South Wales, while there are 635,900 acres in cultivation and 17,500 000 acres inclosed there are 180,000,000 acres, much of it excellent land, still unalienated.

Even at the present rapid rate at which the land is being fenced, it will occupy 180 years to dispose of it all. This colony alone contained the extraordinary number of 32, 400,000 sheep in 1880, besides 2,580,000 cattle and nearly 400,000 horses.

Before the close of the next decade it is expected that the sheep stock of New South Wales will run to between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 head.

INVENTION OF BALLOONS.—The admirers of crinoline will be proud to learn that the invention of balloons is owing to a similar contrivance. The French give a curious anecdote of a simple occurrence which led the inventor of such machines—Montgolfier—to turn his attention to the subject. It is to this effect: A washerwoman of the Rue aux Juifs, in the Marais, placed a petticoat on a basket-work frame, over a stove, to dry. In order to concentrate all the heat, and to prevent its escaping by the aperture at the top, she drew the strings closely together which are used to tie it round the waist. By degrees the stuff dried, became lighter, and the stove continuing to heat and rarefy the air concentrated under the framework, the petticoat began to move, and at last rose in the air. The washerwoman was so astonished that she ran out to call her neighbors; and they, seeing it suspended in the air, were amazed. One individual, however, a simple paper maker from Annonay, named Montgolfier, as much astonished but more sensible than the others, returned home, and without loss of time studied the work of Priestly on different kinds of atmosphere. The result was the discovery of the first balloon, called Montgolfier's, of which he was the inventor. The Nautilus probably gave the idea of a sailing vessel; so also very simple causes often produce great and unexpected results.

TUFF MUGGS—"Geo! Here comes de cop, an' it's too late to run!" Baryl Howes—"Hol' on; I'll fix 'im. By gosh! Hog wash! Some slosh! Ham fat! Ding bat! Raw! Hoo! Raw!" And the innocent policeman merely murmured: "Them is about the toughtest lookin' stugents I ever see," and passed on.

BIRDIE MCGINNIS: "I would like to surprise my future husband on his birthday. What would you advise me to do?" Esmeralda Longcoffin: "Let him get hold of the family Bible with the date of your birth in it. That will make him open his eyes."

SNOOPER: "Why are you looking so sad, doctor? Have you had the misfortune to lose a patient?" Dr. Paresis: "Yes; unfortunately I have completely cured Mr. Scadds. He paid so promptly, too!"

"THIS is a nice time to come home," she said. "I am glad to hear you say so, dear," he answered; "I thought you might think it rather late."

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '68. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Humorous.

RECOMPENSE.

I loved a lass, alas, I loved,
By all the tender passion moved.

I breathed her name, I kissed her hand,
And whispered: "Do you understand?"

She coldly laughed, ah, cruel mirth—
And asked me straight: "What are you worth?"

That froze my soul, and with a smile
I said: "I think I'm not worth while."

—U. S. NOSE.

Only at Certain Times.

"Fred only puts on the smoking jacket I bought him when he is sick."

"I didn't know he was ever sick."

"He isn't, except when he tries to smoke."

Jumping at conclusions—reading the last chapter of the novel first.

Geologists say the cradle of the deep has nothing to do with making the bed rock.

She: "Do you play cards for money?" He, with recollections of his recent losses: "I don't think I do."

Yong: "What is Gownly doing since he left college?" Trot: "Taking a post-graduate course in common sense."

She: "That's prejudice. Why wouldn't you marry a shop girl?" He: "Oh, she'd always be calling for cash, you know."

Says an agricultural paper: "Pumpkins are said to be very fattening for hogs, but we never have tried them ourselves."

"Goodness me, Johnny, what are you crying about now?" "'Cause Tommy dreamed about eatin' pie last night and I didn't."

"I got a secret," said Molly. "My mamma says maybe if I'm awfully good for a whole month, papa'll try to have me eggzibited at the World's Fair."

"Ever since Chumley began to pay attention to that young woman from Boston he has written his name Cholmondely." "Yes, she seems to have cast a peculiar spell over him."

Mother: "Willie, dear, what would you like best for your birthday?" Willie: "Oh, mamma, I should so like a telephone next to my pillow, so that I might go to school in bed."

An old soaker being found in the gutter one rainy night, the water making a clear breach over him from head to heel, was asked by a passer-by what he was doing there. "O," said he, "I agreed to meet a man here."

"Didn't you find him just as I represented him?" said the dealer.

"No, sir!" replied the lady, indignantly: "you said he was a bird dog, and he hasn't sung a note yet, and I've had him two weeks."

"Did you—aw—receive a valentine from me, Miss Edgerly?"

"Yes; but I never suspected that you sent it."

"Bah Jove, that's good! Ya-as, I had a fellah at the club diwect it, ye know."

"That's what deceived me. It was in a man's handwriting."

Wife: "Here's an advertisement in the paper that you had better look into. It says a man is wanted, and he won't be worked to death, and he'll get paid enough to live on."

Husband: "Says he won't be worked to death, eh?"

"Yes, and they pay enough to live on."

"Huh! Some catch about that."

"Please, sir," said the bell-boy to a hotel clerk, "number thirty says there ain't no towel in his room."

"Tell him to use one of the window curtains."

"He says, too, there ain't no pillows."

"Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head."

"And he wants a pitcher of water."

"Suffering Cyrus! He is the worst kicker I ever struck in my life. Carry him up the horse pail."

"He wants to know if he can't have a light."

"Here, confound him! Give him this lantern, and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he'll have it fried only on one side or turned over!"

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Once there was a woman who had several young children. She was a careful mother, not only providing for their present needs, but future good. She was going out and had laid down the law to them on every subject that came into her mind, but at the gate she thought of something else and returned and said:

"Children, don't you go to that little china jar in the closet and get any of those blue beans that I put away for seed and put them in your noses."

Of course when she came home every child had his nose full of blue beans.

I have told this old story in the faint hope that the men of the family may see it and stop telling their wives and daughters not to wear hoops. There is a very strong spirit of rebellious curiosity in all women. They like to know what the men would do about it if they did wear hoops. In one state they have already passed laws against hoops—with what result? I think half the women in that state have written to New York to order a set. In Albany recently a bill was presented for the suppression of hoops, but I believe it was squelched. The New York woman is a law to herself, and if she wants hoops not even a bull from the pope would stop her wearing them.

I gave up one entire day this week to hunting for a store where they sell hoops, but I found none, not a single one. Some, even a good many, of the dressmakers sew steels in dresses of certain forms, but the English, German and American dressmakers are greatly opposed to hoops, and it remains to be seen whether these three nations will be stronger than France, or she stronger than they.

If the newspapers would only exercise a little self denial and refrain from talking about them, and the "men folks" from forbidding their "women folks" to wear them, there would be no spice in hoops for women, and really all that we want is to be permitted to use our common sense. Nobody likes to be driven, but women particularly are willing to be led providing it is done the way they lead a pig to Cork—viz, pretend that you want him to go to Kilkenny.

HOOPLESS ENGLISH GOWNS.

The present styles in the form of gowns, and particularly skirts, are so very near perfect that we need not ask anything better, and I somehow have a gleam of hope that hoops will at least not become universal. How pretty and sensible the English gowns are after the ridiculous pictures we get from Paris! The redingote is of drab cheviot, with a vest front of chamois, and all bound with astrakhan. The home gown is of iridescent silk showing dove colors, and the plaiting at the bottom and waist drapery are of satin duchess to match the darkest thread.

There is a larger variety of black silks in pattern and quality than I have seen for many seasons—the bengalines, with their heavy cords; the peau de soie, rich and pliable and everlasting; the failles, plain, striped and figured; the india and chinas in black, and in black ground with stripes and figures; the black pongees, the surahs and the great variety of black silk grenadines, which will be one of the most popular summer fabrics. This is made iron frame, brocaded, with satin stripes, with satin plaid thrown over the surface, and, in short, there are hundreds of black grenadines, each different from the other, wool or silk, or a mixture of both.

There are fine, soft black grenadines, over which are strewn stars and flowers in very small patterns in natural or metallic colors. These are for draperies or loose dresses to wear empire style over taffeta princess gowns. The bonnet that goes with this is of blue velvet, with pink oleanders and metal dragon flies.

Velvet capes that reach only to the waistline come in violet, green and other colors among the most elegant garments.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Coffee cups are growing larger and more elaborate. They are decorated both outside and inside, and the handle represents the branch of a tree.

Two tined olive forks are seen. They are similar to pickle forks, but less curved. Fancy an oyster fork with the tines very close together, and only two of them at that, and you have the olive fork.

While placing the bed, especially the head of it, where it will be shielded from the strongest draught, there should still be enough motion to the air in that vicinity to insure fresh supplies constantly throughout the night. The prevailing lack of appetite for breakfast, as well as many cases of anæmia and worse diseases, are due to the breathing over and over again of the same air in restricted bedrooms, where beds are too often placed in alcoves or are shielded by curtains, which are far too seldom shaken out in the fresh air.

Kidney Fritters.—Beat four eggs well; add a teacup of cream, some pepper and salt, with a little pounded mace, parsley and chopped mushrooms. To this batter add some of the kidney and a little fat veal minced. Mix all together thoroughly and pour into a well-buttered pan. Stir it while on the stove.

Hickory Nut Macaroons.—Make frosting as for cake and stir in enough pounded hickory-nut meat, with mixed ground spice to taste, to make convenient to handle. Flour the hands and form the mixture into little fanciful shapes. Place on buttered tins, allowing room for the cakes to spread and bake in a quick oven.

Almond Cake.—One cupful butter, two cupfuls sugar, one cupful sweet milk, three and one-half cupfuls flour, whites of eight eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one half teaspoon soda or two teaspoonfuls baking powder; flavored with almond. Bake in layers, spread each layer with soft frosting and sprinkle split blanched almonds on each layer.

Cocoanut Cake.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, two eggs, half cup milk, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Bake in thin layers. For icing, beat together the whites of two eggs and one cup of powdered sugar. Spread a layer of this on the cake, and strew it thickly with grated and sugared cocoanut. Place another layer of cake on that and proceed as before. On top put only icing.

Fish and Oyster Pie.—Mix with two teacupfuls of purely-grated (not soaked) bread crumbs, half a teaspoonful of salt, half as much pepper, a pinch each of nutmeg and grated lemon peel and half a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley. In the bottom of a deep pie dish lay some cold fish, cut into dice, over this a layer of the seasoned crumbs and a few dots of butter, then a layer of oysters. Repeat the layers until the dish is full. Pour over the whole enough oyster liquor to moisten it. Put a puff-paste cover over and bake it in a hot oven. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Fish Chowder.—Chop two ounces of salt pork fine; fry it in the bottom of the cooking pot. Peel a dozen potatoes; wash and cut into thin slices; lay them over the pork. Cut some uncooked blue fish or halibut into small pieces; lay them over the potatoes and pour on water enough to cover them, adding a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. If fresh tomatoes are obtainable peel six cut them into slices and lay them over the fish. If fresh ones cannot be had, canned tomatoes will do. Add sufficient salt to season the tomatoes, cover and cook three-quarters of an hour. Add a quart of milk, let it boil and serve. The addition of a dozen oysters is an improvement.

Chocolate Cake.—One-and-a-half cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of milk, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour, a quarter of a pound of chocolate, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Scrape the chocolate fine and add five tablespoonfuls of sugar to it (in addition to the cupful-and-a-half). Beat the butter to a cream and gradually add the sugar, beating all the time. Add three tablespoonfuls of boiling water to the chocolate and sugar. Stir over the fire until smooth and glossy, then stir into the beaten butter and sugar. Add to this mixture the eggs well beaten, then the milk and the flour, in which the soda and cream of tartar have been thoroughly mixed. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. This will make two sheets. Frost.

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DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—8.00 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—8.55 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—4.45 p m. (24th and Chestnut sts., 4.20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.35 p m daily.
Western Night Express—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 4.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 4.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 8.00 a m, 8.35 and 9.30 p m daily. The 8.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.15, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.20, 5.35, 6.45, 8.20, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m, Sundays, 4.30, 8.00, 9.30 a m, 4.45 and 8.35, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.30 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Catawissa Branch.
9.30 a m for Reading and way points.
11.00 a m for Pottstown and Reno.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express. Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Reno.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Reno and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,
Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.25, 8.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.33, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.25, 8.20, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.33, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pilot or two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Round Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.30 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 8.10, 8.10 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT MARKET AND TWELFTH STS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Reno, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Reno and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.35 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 5.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 3.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 6.00 8.30 8.33, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.33, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 2.00, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Grenloch, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.00, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

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